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SEPTEMBER.

BY MRS. MARY E. HALL.

Thrice welcome guest—
O brown eyed maid September,
I kneel to greet thee
In thy dreamy splendor.
Your crimson lips
Love's luscious wine revealing,
From blushing cheeks
The rapturous kisses stealing.

Your voice so sweet—
Life would be sad without thee,
You scatter gleams
Of sunshine all about me.
My stricken soul,
With all a poet's yearning,
Goes forth to thee;
Its altar fires burning.

The harvest moon
With gentle step advancing,
Veils her fair face,
Your gracious charms enhancing.
And "Katydid,"
Enamored by your glory,
Sings to her lord
The old, and loving story.

But, ah, a tear
Unto my eyelid starting,
Each passing day
Brings near the hour of parting.
And Winter, soon,
Old, but impassioned lover,
Will bear you from
My fond embrace, forever!

THE BROTHER'S WIFE;

OR,

PRIDE MUST HAVE A FALL.

By FRANCIS F. BRODERIP.

A CONSULTATION AS TO THE FUTURE.

I was very young when my favorite brother, John, married Sophia Carteret, which is the only excuse I can offer for my foolish behavior. He had always been my idol from childhood; we had formed part of a large family circle, and he had made himself my protector and champion. It is often the case, where there are many girls and boys, that they will severally choose their especial "own brothers and sisters." Love may unite the whole family in one broad chain, but separate links *will* now and then be more closely welded together. I had always considered John quite perfect—in my eyes he could do no wrong; and, as we grew older, our tastes and pursuits being tolerably similar (or, rather, mine being formed after the pattern of his), we kept up the old childish affection. His education and subsequent professional training separated us, of course, and, indeed, our whole large circle was now dispersing, and scattering to distant places. Herbert, my eldest brother, had been a hard working curate, and was now vicar of a country parish; Edmund was studying the law; Margaret and Julia were married—one in India, and the other in Scotland; and my John was just setting up in a small country town in Blankshire, to practice as a medical man. His sojourns of late in our old home had from necessity been mere flying visits, and I was beginning to feel sadly separated from my darling brother, whose busy life now in his profession left him scantier time than ever for letter-writing.

Consequently, my delight may be imagined, but not easily described, when I had a longer letter from him than usual, to announce his settling at Lampury, and to ask me to come and superintend his first setting up in a house of his own. How I dreamed of it by night and day, and was only haunted by a selfish fear lest my good, tender mother might unluckily fall ill at the last moment, and I, her only child at home, be obliged to stay back to nurse her. I promised myself a long holiday, and cheated myself into the belief that pure sisterly affection and prudent care for John's interests were my guiding motives—and, in fact, never realized my own selfishness until years after, when that loving mother was in the dust, and needed my cares no more.

I reached the end of my journey safely, although the quick train had seemed to my impatience as if it went at a mere snail's pace before it reached Bundleford, the little station for Lampury. No queen ever rode in her gilded carriage and six with more pride than I did in John's modest little four-wheel, through the pleasant green country lanes. I think he was nearly as happy, and we drove with quite a spirited dash up the small principal street of Lampury, when the pretty pony stopped of its own accord at the gate of a neat, though small house—the said gate bearing a brass plate, with "Mr. Bellairs, Surgeon," upon it, while a smart, new, red lamp hung over the door.

"Welcome, my dear Alice," said my brother, as he helped me out of the pony carriage, "to what I hope will always be your second home."

My heart was a little too full for words, so I could only press his hand warmly, and when we were safe in the house, indulge myself with a good sisterly hug. The tea equipage was all set out very nicely, and the little house looked the picture of bachelor neatness, though evidently showing the want of a woman's presence. The servant girl was a rosy country lass, who seemed respectable and steady; and the white-curtained, cosy bed-room into which she ushered me, evidenced her tidy qualities. But over our "high tea," John told me he had made no arrangements for furnishing until I came, beyond the parlor we sat in and the three bed rooms in use.

"Now, Alley," said he, "I am going to tax your housewifely knowledge, and beg of you to put on your considering cap. I have been very careful and economical, and during the three months I have been here, have saved a little money. Very little it is, but I think, with management, it will go some way towards setting up the rest of the house."

"Dear John," I replied, "you have always been such a good, steady old fellow, and you know how glad I shall be to be careful and prudent with all you trust me with."

"I know it well enough, Alice, darling," he answered; "for you were always my little right hand from your cradle. Why, the first time you tried to toddle, it was to fetch brother 'Dzon' a book. But, my dear, you and I have never had secrets from each other, and, therefore, I tell you at once, first of all, that in all this setting straight of my home, I am hoping for your help to make it bright and pretty and cheerful, as only you can; because there is a very sweet girl whom I hope to call my wife before many months, and to whom I hope you will be 'an own sister,' indeed, as you have always been to me."

Well, I suppose it was rather a sudden shock, or at least, I felt it so; and yet—let me be thoroughly frank in all my confessions—I had long looked forward to this. I had long, indeed, planned that my pet brother should marry my favorite friend, Ella Robinson. With this in view, I had always encouraged their meeting at home, had sent messages, and tried all the various sisterly arts which need no description. But it was a little shock in the first hour of my absolute reign over my favorite brother's domains, to be told that I—I was to furnish and set them in order for a new sovereign, who would more than usurp my rights. However, I had so long eyed the pill askance, that there was nothing now to be done but to swallow it bravely. And so I did, though, like a coward, I said:

"Well, John, dear, it is no more than I have foreseen all along. With a pretty little house like this, and so far off from your own people, of course you want a nice little wife to superintend it for you. I will do everything I can; only, to-night, let me feel that you are still 'all my own' John, and don't let us speak of it. I am very tired, but to-morrow I shall be fresh and bright, and eagerly ready to enter into your plans and wishes. But, dear old John, *to-night* let me feel that you and I are what we used to be—*all* to each other."

I was tired enough with my journey, but I was resolved to spend one more happy evening before we admitted a third one to our councils; and so, with fond sisterly jealousy, I ran up, and put on a favorite dress of his, and arranged my hair in an old-fashioned manner he had often fancied. Then we had a really happy evening, the last of many for me, for we sang all our old songs at the tinkettle of a piano that he had always taken with him, and at night his warm kiss and clinging embrace, with the tone of his low "God bless you, my own sister Alice!" sent me to bed, happy enough, to dream of John's wedding and my own clever management and the admiring new sister I had found in Ella Robinson.

As I promised frankness, I must now honestly confess that the sin of my nature was *pride!* Not pride of birth—for though of a good old country family, we had nothing much beyond our neighbors to boast of; nor wealth—for although we had never known very straightened circumstances, we had been a large family to provide for, and had been thriftily and sensibly brought up by our good mother. Nor was it for my personal attractions or accomplishments, for, although I was not absolutely plain, I could lay no claims to being pretty. I had been an agreeable, merry girl—called by that vanity-banishing epithet, pleasing—and had usually gained just my own mere share of partners and attentions, and so had nothing to quarrel with. But I was proud of my good sense and management; my powers of governing and ordering; aye, as proud, too, of these housewifely qualities as the beauty is of her fair complexion and bright eyes; but it was the same sin, clothed in the false light of an honorable ambition, that blinded me. I do not know who it is that has said our vices are but virtues run too much to seed, but a truer saying never existed.

With this failing so strong in my composition, it was more agreeable to me to hail a new sister in my old and devoted friend, Ella Robinson, a pretty girl, with a very meek temper, and easily influenced by those she loved, than to welcome a stranger—perhaps a rival!

What was my dismay next morning, when, after John had seen some of his poorer patients, and before he started for his country ride, he told me that he was engaged to a Miss Carteret, the daughter of the vicar of a neighboring country parish. Fortunately I had sufficient self-control to say little, but my face spoke too plainly; and John looked rather hurt, as he said:

"Alice, I should have been the first to rejoice at any new ties that promised such happiness to *you*. Don't let any idle, groundless jealousy come between us two. I shall not love my sister less for loving my wife, too. I have room enough in my heart for both."

I could not bear this, and so answered, hastily, with burning cheeks:

"You wrong me, John; no one has looked forward to, or thought more of, your marriage than I have, and none more sincerely. But I had hoped it would have been one of our own old companions and friends who would have replaced me. I had always hoped to see Ella my sister, John; she has been almost like one of our own, and my mother loves her dearly."

"Ella is a very amiable girl," replied John, gravely; "but she has always been to me so nearly a sister, that I have looked on her in no other light. Besides, Alice, I want a friend and helper in the woman I choose. You can hardly blame me," added he, as his own old genial smile broke over his face, "if I have raised my standard to the level of yourself."

The bit of brotherly flattery disarmed me, and I could only kiss him, and promise to try and love his wife. And then, when he was gone, I could but begin my task, and accordingly went methodically over the house, with note-book and pencil. But all had lost its charm, and I could not bring my usual amount of care or pains to it. Happy little inspirations and contrivances that would have pleased the more easily satisfied Ella, might not suit a stranger; and as the evil thought passed through me, that my arrangements might be criticised and commented on by a more exacting judge, I determined to carry out my work in a mere business-like, common-place way, very different from the warm, sisterly spirit with which I had looked forward to it.

By the end of the week I had drawn up a clear estimate of all the requirements. When John came home one evening, tired, as usual, after his day's hard work, he asked me how I had got on with my work. I laid the paper before him, and saw in a moment his vexed look with a little pang of pain, but no idea of alteration.

"You say you have simply put down actual necessaries, Alley," said he, "and I know you are a capital manager, so I suppose it is all right. But it will cost more than I thought, and I shall have to wait some time longer, until next spring, perhaps, before I can manage it. And there were many little things I had hoped to add, that will be impossible at this rate."

"You would not wish to bring your wife to a shabbily-furnished home, John, I am sure," I replied, rather coldly. "However, you can please yourself. I have done my best for you, and if it won't do, you can consult the lady herself, with whose opinion no doubt you will be perfectly satisfied."

"My dear Alice, don't for a moment think I am not thankful for, and quite appreciative of, your valuable help, for I know your powers, and that you are a splendid manager, and have done your best. But I think you are right, for we might and ought to take Sophy into our councils, and I will ride over to-morrow morning. I must go within a mile or so of Hillsham, and you can go and return her call, and persuade her to come over and spend an evening with us."

This was not at all what I had intended, or to my taste, and I could have beaten myself with sheer vexation; but it was too late now, and I was obliged to agree with the best grace I could. The next day, accordingly, we paid the promised visit, and Sophia returned with us to spend the day. I must do her justice, and confess that she was a nice girl, and sure to develop into a good and true wife and woman. She was bright without frivolity, and well informed without pretence, and I should have liked, perhaps loved her, in any other relation. But I had unwisely given Pride the door of my heart to keep, and she let in that evil spirit, Jealousy.

Of course I had but little pleasure or interest in the eager council of ways and means that ensued, although both of them frankly and kindly asked my opinion. But Sophia considered many of the more expensive items unnecessary, and thought they could be done without, or with a cheaper substitute. I drew up rather coldly, as my estimate was cut down within reasonable bounds, and said nothing; and Sophia, turning round to me, saw that I was intensely annoyed, and perhaps felt the justice of it, for she put her hand on John's arm suddenly, and said:

"I doubt, now, but we are both wrong, John; for I dare say your sister knows best of these matters, and that these expensive things are cheapest in the end, so I think we had better leave it in her hands. You know, Alice," she continued, turning to me, "we lost our mother so early, that I have had no one but old Susan to tell me how to manage for papa and my brothers, and I dare say some of our makeshift contrivances would seem odd to you. But I would rather owe the arrangement of our future home to your kind care and thought, than please my own fancies."

This generous speech, and the sweet eyes turned on me so frankly, touched me sorely, and I nearly gave way. Oh, if I had but yielded then to a better impulse, what years of sorrow would have been spared me! But the jealous spirit was too strong, now it had been indulged so long, and I spoke boldly enough, and declined all responsibility or choice in the matter. I saw John look almost angrily vexed, and Sophia hurt, but no more was then said on the subject, and during the evening the subject was not renewed.

Next day, John, in a very kind but decided manner, told me that he had put off his marriage until spring, and that, therefore, our plans could be left in abeyance, so that all he need ask me now to do, was to enjoy myself thoroughly, and see the neighborhood. I was a little frightened at his grave, though kind, manner, and attempted a meek inquiry into his plans, but he merely quietly remarked that he did not think of furnishing more just at present, and put the subject resolutely by.

During the remainder of my visit I met Sophia continually, and she came to see me ostensibly, and, apparently, we were good friends. But there was still the bitter drop at the bottom of the cup, and, strange as it may appear, I was not really very sorry to receive my recall home sooner than had been expected, owing to my mother's sudden illness.

I left the pretty little house in a sadly different frame of mind to that in which I entered it, for I thought myself slighted and treated ungratefully. Now, with the clearer light that memory always throws on all our actions in looking back, I see the selfish pride and jealousy that not only spoiled my own peace and happiness, but disturbed the comfort of others in a very unjustifiable way. I heard from my brother occasionally after I left, and though he kept up the old affectionate style and tone, there was, *or I fancied there was*, the old spirit of love wanting.

And so we grew colder and more apart for many months; my duties having multiplied upon my hands, my dear mother's serious illness, and death in the ensuing autumn, having turned my thoughts in what I hope was a somewhat better direction. John came down once or twice during our mother's illness, and, of course, to the funeral, but our thoughts and conversation were then full of other things, and not of mere differences of opinion. Indeed, our loss drew us somewhat more together, and John was more my "own brother" than he had been for long, long months past. He spoke of Sophia, and brought a kind message from her, with a pretty little warm-hearted note, and told me that now, of course, their marriage was still further put off until the late spring, at earliest. And so, with many tender embraces and loving words, we parted more affectionately than before. He promised to be back with our father and me, to share our sad, lonely Christmas; but, unfortunately, two especially good patients chose to fall dangerously ill just then, and he could get no efficient substitute to trust them to, and otherwise he would not leave. So the festival passed over very drearily to us—or, rather, to me—for our poor father had become so childish after the loss of his wife, that no sorrow fell very deeply upon him now.

So I grieved alone; and in my proud, bitter heart sorrow dwelt, not as a gentle, consoling angel, but as a stern enemy, to be met with stony heart and calm brow. Every one said how well poor Miss Bellairs bore her loss, and what a sensible, strong-minded woman she was, not sitting down idly grieving, but being up and doing for the comfort of all around her. It was partially true, for I could not rest or be quiet, and could only still my grief and regret by incessant work of some sort. But mine was not a heart for the angel of mourning to look upon, or to dwell in, for there was no peaceful calm or love there.

In the spring, when the violets were beginning to fade, and the primroses were over, I had a letter from John, telling me that his marriage was at hand, and inclosing a note from Sophia, asking me to be her bridesmaid. But the softer feelings that had made me more gentle and considerate when John and I bore our great grief together, had in some measure faded away. I felt aggrieved that there should be any talk of their marriage so soon, forgetting how long John had waited already, and how cheerless his solitary home must have been now for nearly two years. I wrote and told them it was impossible to bring a very gay face to their wedding, and that my father required all my care, but that they had my best wishes for their future happiness.

It was a natural refusal, after all, and had it been given in loving words it would have linked us closer; but, as it was, it proved the dividing line. John wrote about this time to say their wedding (the next day) was to be entirely private, and accompanied by no rejoicing whatever, for they both felt with me that all such signs would be repugnant to their feelings; but they were both sorry to miss the love and presence of a dear sister—dear to both—and therefore hoped, when I could see my way to come down for even a few days, I would do so. I replied at once, and wished them joy—I hope and believe—very sincerely. But my father's state now really required a good deal of care, for, since our dear mother's death, he seemed to have broken up completely. Before that he had been a fine, hale, elderly man, active and energetic, fond of his children, and, indeed, of all young people. But after her loss he aged all at once, and became infirm and almost imbecile—a painful sight to all his children.

I was the youngest and only one left at home, and on me devolved the charge of nursing and caring for him, as well as, to a certain extent, keeping our old home together. I was not unhappy, for I had never formed any attachment, as other girls generally do, and had kept my thoughts and affections centred very much in my own people.

Herbert brought his wife and children occasionally and came to stay with us, and Edmund ran down now and then unexpectedly, and Margaret came to us for one whole summer, with her two babies and nurses. Then I had to keep Julia, far away in India, well up in all home tidings. So my time was pretty well occupied, and did not hang heavily on my hands. All my family loved and honored me, too, and upheld me everywhere as the very genius of good management and wisdom. There was only one sore spot in my life. John and his wife had come but once for a brief visit since his marriage, now nearly a year and a half since. John had been very loving and gentle to me, as in his old days, but I could see, in spite of all his efforts, that my place was filled. Sophia was very pleasant—quietly affectionate, but not professing too much—and she soon became a great favorite with our father. There was a repose about her manner, too, a self-possession and ease, which was new to me, but which sat not ungracefully on the lady-like woman who was long out of her bridehood. She was very popular among all our friends—though that cost me merely a sarcastic smile—but I must confess I felt angry when Ella Robinson—forsaken Ella—who had secretly pined over her ill-fated, one-sided attachment, went over to the enemy. She declared she thought Mrs. John was charming, and was quite worthy of her husband's regard, and, after the first few pathetic sighs and tremors, grew quite lively and gay in the society of my brother and his wife. She even filled up the sum of her sins by accepting an invitation to stay with them, to my profound disgust and amazement. After that I gave up Ella, and left her to her own devices and resources.

And so a slow two years dragged on, and found me still the same—the honored mistress of my father's house, looked up to and feared by my servants, and esteemed by all our friends. But there were none to *love* me as I longed to be loved, and I fancied all were ungrateful, and hardened my heart, like Pharaoh, and went on in the same outwardly calm, high-minded manner.

But the Searcher of all hearts looked into mine, and found in it evil guests indeed—pride, jealousy, envy, and want of love. I heard my mother say once, when I was a child, that "Pride goeth before a fall," but I hearkened to it only as an old saying, and did not take it in. I never stooped to such mean little vices as untruth or slander, and therefore held up my head and considered myself a high-principled woman. True, I had done no open wrong, and given nothing

for any open ground of complaint, but I had been unloving, unjust, easy of offence, and swift to construe evil. And all this bore its bitter consequences in after life, and I saw, when too late, how wrong I had been.

Meanwhile, as I said before, the years passed by, and I heard tolerably often from Lampury. Sophia told me John was getting a fair practice—not too rich a one, but still enough to satisfy them. They had now two children, a girl and boy, and seemed very happy. They had often pressed me to go down, but I had never done so until now, when an opportunity offered so conveniently, I could hardly refuse. My father was very tolerable in health, and Margaret came for a long visit, and so urged me to take a holiday while she was there in charge, that almost out of shame I consented, and made arrangements to do so. I could not help a sigh as I remembered my first journey, and reflected how altered everything now was.

John was waiting to greet me at the station, and gave me his old warm welcome, and I was soon carefully escoused in the pony carriage, which, though somewhat weather-beaten, was the same still, and we drove rapidly off. The house looked as pretty as ever, and for the first few moments, while I was receiving Alice's welcome and making my first acquaintance with my nephew and niece, I saw little alteration. By the next day I could not help observing that my ideas of furnishing had been widely departed from, and that the whole house generally bore a shabby look. The articles were all fairly good, and scrupulously clean, but there was a worn look over all that even four years' matrimony did not excuse in my eyes. I compared it with my own neat home, where everything was fresh and thoroughly good, and sighed over the shortcomings of Sophia with a sort of complacent regret. I was very careful not to express anything of this kind in words, but I am afraid my manner betrayed me sometimes, for I often furtively saw Sophia's pale cheek flush painfully, and her hand tremble with some of her old nervousness. But she was always the same to me, and never showed her disappointment. The children, too, were nice children enough, but I was only used to Margaret's robust bantlings, who came fresh from their mountain air, and never knew an ache or a pain—children one could rule comfortably and punish serenely, and who were all the better for such hardy, firm training.

But John's two little ones were weakly, small things, with large dark eyes and pale faces, and were always fretting over something in a peevish sort of way. I considered them spoiled, and said so one day, when John told me that a good deal of it proceeded from weakness and illness.

"You have been so long away from us now, Alice, and letters are so unsatisfactory, that you can hardly judge how things have been. About a year ago, a very bad kind of low fever abounded here—no doubt fostered by bad drainage—and the usual drawbacks. I was, of course, in the middle of it continually, and though I was most careful in changing my clothes, and took every precaution I could, poor little Elsie undoubtedly had it in a milder form, and it has left its usual results. The debility that ensued, in spite of all our care and poor Sophy's unwearied nursing (at a time when she wanted rest and care herself,) seems to have settled on one side, and produced a species of deformity, that no doubt makes the poor little thing more fractious than she otherwise would be. Sophy and I know painfully enough the sufferings the poor little thing has endured, and so we try to charm away her pettishness as much as possible, by gentle means, till she is stronger."

"I remember hearing from Sophia that the child had fever," I replied, feeling somewhat rebuked; "but I had no idea it was more than one of the usual childish ailments."

"You have only known Herbert's great fat boys, and Meg's hardy Scotch bairns, Alice," replied John, rather sadly; "and so you have no idea how serious some of the childish ailments may prove, and what a heavy tax they are on the spirits and health of many parents. Sophy has never looked the same since, and I really fancy she has a sort of light touch of the malady herself, though she never would own to more than a temporary feverish cold."

I had noticed poor Sophy's wan looks before, and had spoken to her on the subject, but she only laughed, and said she should get stronger with the autumn, and cooler weather. But now, somewhat repentant, I urged her return with me for a brief change, but in vain.

"John wants change more than I do, Alice," she replied; "look in his face, and you will see it. Take him back with you, like the good own sister you were," she added, smiling faintly, "and that will do me good too."

But John resolutely scouted the idea, and declared there were patients who wanted him hourly for the next two months. And at last the subject was dropped, although I could do nothing but think of them, and determined to get to the root of the matter, the more especially as my conscience reproached me now, that I never had been so interested in their affairs as I ought to have been. I got hold of Sophia next morning, during one of John's rides, and she told me that his practice, though large, was a very poor paying one, and that they were obliged to be very, very careful to keep within their income.

"We have always hitherto done so, Alice," said poor Sophy, "although I do not say we have not had to forego many comforts for ourselves. But John is so good and so unselfish, and he has been so very thoughtful and considerate, that we have managed to get on hitherto. But it is not a very healthy place, and the district which belongs to him is notoriously one of the worst. I do wish he might get a better post somewhere, Alice, for his sake and the children's; but we must cheer up, and hope for better times."

"And you, Sophy?" I said, for my heart ached for her, and some of my punishment began with remorse.

"Oh, I shall be all right enough, Alley," she replied, smiling, but with a half-hidden tear in her eye that she dashed off, as she thought, unseen. "I shall get stronger after the new baby comes, in April."

I went to bed that night an altered woman; for whatever was left of good in me was stirred to the very core by the sight of her brave cheerfulness and patience. And I to have been so coldly careless and scornful—so proud of my own doings! I was abashed in my very soul, and made a firm resolve to undo the past as far as lay in my power, before I went to sleep.

But God oftentimes does not permit us to redress the wrong we have done—does not suffer us to what we call make amends—as if we could—for the bygone errors and misdeeds so carelessly reckoned.

In the night I was hastily aroused from my sleep by John's knock at the door, and his breaking to me kindly and gently, the news that a telegram had come to him from Margaret, to say that our father was dangerously ill, and that I must return at once.

In the hurry and distress of this occurrence, all else was forgotten, and John hastily made a few preparations to accompany me. Sophy had got up, and showed herself in her true light—a tender-hearted, sympathizing woman. In fact, in those few minutes of fuss and distress, we seemed all at once to have become more sisterly intimate than we had been at all. She had collected what I wanted, packed it hastily for me, and got a warm cup of tea ready for me almost before I had collected my scattered senses.

"Don't let John worry, dear," were her last words. "I will take all care that Mr. Stainforth knows the first thing in the morning, and he will make arrangements that all the patients shall be seen."

I could not speak much, for I was never of a very demonstrative nature; but I kissed her affectionately, as I never had done any one before but my mother; and I think—I—hope—she fully understood all.

When we reached our journey's end, we found my father in great danger, as they had said, but living, and likely to live for a few days. Under God's blessing, with John's care and skill, he improved sufficiently by the third day to be out of immediate danger, although past hope of recovery. So, John, who was anxious to get back, left us, promising to come at a moment's notice, if we wanted him.

Meantime our old friend, Dr. Morris, watched the case carefully; and so day after day went by, keeping me chained to the sick room almost incessantly, and giving me little room for thought or anything beyond.

But Sophy's pale face haunted me everywhere, and I was miserable about them. I wrote as I had never written before—anxiously, affectionately; but Sophy, though she answered sweetly and with readily-loving response, merely said they were all pretty well. And so time went on, and my poor father lingered and lived on, if that could be called life where all mind and most feeling were gone. March, with all its bleak days, had gone, and April had just dawned, with the promise of finer weather, when the poor worn-out sufferer was released.

He had passed a restless night, and had required all my care and watchfulness; but since day broke, he grew quieter, and at last sank into a peaceful sleep.

Worn out with watching, I laid my head down on the side of the bed as I sat there; and in a sort of dreamy way, all my life seemed to pass before me. My earlier days, my mother, my visit to John, and all that had since happened, passed before me like a fleeting picture; and at last, I suppose, I slept, readily and heavily—the dreamless slumber of exhausted nature.

When I woke up, sluggishly and half-consciously, the rays of the setting sun streamed red and golden on the white coverlet of the bed, making me hide my dazzled eyes once more. But I soon aroused to a remembrance of my charge; and on bending over my father, who still lay in the calm attitude of rest, I fancied he looked very still; and on touching his hand, I found it cold with the icy chill which all who have known death can realize better than I can describe it.

The shock was very great, and succeeding the fatigue I had undergone for the last two months, proved too much for me, and for a couple of days I was scarcely sensible. But kind friends were round me, and Dr. Morris telegraphed at once to Herbert and Edmund, so I could lie still and rest. But the first thought that came into my enfeebled mind was for John, and my first weak question was for him.

Herbert answered me soothingly, and told me John had been sent for; but a medical man's time was not his own, and there was a patient he could not leave, but he would be up in town, they hoped, to-morrow.

Utterly weary and worn out with the anxiety and watching, to which I had not been accustomed as some are, I accepted the excuse, and sunk back into my half-torpid state, from which I did not awake thoroughly till the day before the funeral, although eating and sleeping mechanically, like one in a dream. In fact, it was my nervous powers that were dormant, and that required a vigorous shock to restore them to full activity.

And it came soon enough. I was lying half unconscious, when a word fell on my ear that seemed to galvanize my life again.

"Poor thing! So young, too! And those little children! What will John do?"

It was Margaret's voice, in a low, grieved whisper; but I heard it as clear as a trumpet-sound, and frightened them all almost to death by springing up suddenly in bed, and asking, "What is it? What is the matter? Is Sophy ill, or is John ailing?"

They were so alarmed and suddenly startled, poor Margaret and Herbert, that almost before they had time to collect their thoughts I had gathered all, and even seen the telegram. It was in these words:

"From John Bellairs, to the Rev. Herbert Bellairs. If Alice is able, let her come. Sophy is dying."

"I am ready," I said. "Margaret, fetch me my clothes; I am going. Herbert, you will see me there, won't you?"

"But, Alice, my dearest," cried poor Margaret, piteously, "you are too ill to move—you cannot go; besides, remember to-morrow."

"Sophy is dying—I *must* go!" was all I could say.

"You must go alone, Alice; and Herbert *must* stay, because your poor dear papa will be buried to-morrow," said Margaret, looking beseechingly at Herbert.

"I can go alone," I replied. "I am quite well; I have only been stunned a little. But I must go to-night!"

And in spite of all efforts and entreaties, I did go. They sent for Dr. Morris, who came to me at once.

"My dear," he said, "you are distressing your family. You can do no good, and are overdone yourself. Now be reasonable, and do not attempt it."

"Doctor Morris," I said, looking at him full; "I *must* go! I shall never have a moment's peace hereafter unless I do! And I am really able to go. Feel my pulse yourself—I *know* I am equal to it!"

He very kindly held my hand, and said no more, and then went to my brothers and persuaded them to let me go, telling them it would do me far more harm to remain. So my sister huddled me up with all imaginary luxuries, and my brother-in-law, who came opportunely, took charge of me to Lampury.

All my journeys to that place were memorable, but this most of all. In the gray morning we reached the little station, and took a fly on. They told us Mr. Bellair's pony carriage had waited some hours, and then returned. They believed Mrs. Bellairs was still living. I had a sort of fixed impression that I should see Sophia yet once again, and accordingly was not so nervous as my companion. It was my voice that inquired of the servant who opened the door, whether Mrs. Bellairs was still living. At the sound, John came out—my poor John—my own dear brother—worn and broken down till he looked an old, old man.

"You are still in time, Alice," he almost whispered, as he led me into the house. In a short time he returned, and took me up to his wife's room. She was almost beyond speaking now, but her sunken eyes brightened a little, and a faint smile parted the wan lips as she feebly pressed my hand. John poured a restorative into her mouth, and gently raised the sinking head. And with an effort—a last effort—she seemed to gather all her remaining power to clasp my hand and say, "Alice—my little ones—dear own sister—be a mother—love them—watch them—God will bless——"

"They shall be as dear to me as my own, Sophy! I will try thus late to make up for all! Be at ease, my dear; what earthly care and love can do, I will do for them. Forgive me and trust me, for you may."

"I do," she whispered, "fully, freely. Good-bye, Alice!"

She was growing faint again, and John signed me to go; and so, with one kiss on the cold cheek, I left them, and never saw her alive again; for just as I turned from the door, the piteous wail of the poor little baby fell on my ear, and fearful lest it should harass the dying mother, I closed the door softly and hurried to the nursery. Here I had enough to do with the forlorn little ones; but, thank God! my eyes were opened now to a just view of the past, and had they been really my own, I could not have soothed them more anxiously or cared for them more tenderly. Long before evening they were motherless; and in that sorrowful house there was need of one to watch and to care awhile; for my poor John—who seemed to have borne up so bravely, and who had cheered and consoled his darling while life lasted, without a thought of his own desolate future—broke fairly down, and needed all my careful nursing and tending. They were sore, sad days, those! I had left one corpse behind me, to come to another; but this time the sorrow that fell upon me, through those I loved, came with a power of softening and healing beyond description. The deepest lessons of my life were learned in those days—and all the more as I studied the evidences of the loving, womanly life that had but so lately dwelt there, and before which my own self-righteousness failed and fled.

My dear brother John has long left Lampury with his children, and has now a very lucrative and increasing practice in our old town. His wife lies in her father's little churchyard, by her own mother's side; but though the dear ones she loved so well are far from her, still her memory is most dear and precious to their hearts. I have long now had my early ambition, and have been mistress of John's house for many years; but I have no longer the old jealous affection now; that is dead, like its innocent object. John is not what he was—and never will be again, for he has lost the sunshine of his life; and though he bears it most patiently, I can see he will never know the gay side of the world again. He buries himself in his profession; and wherever there is sore sorrow and sickness, among rich or poor, Dr. Bellairs is seen and loved. He is, in a lower degree, a worthy follower of the "beloved Physician." I am still his "own sister," and his children have long been as my own; but I would give all I have of love, honor, competence and happiness, to have our Sophy back with us. Doubtless it is better as it is, for a few short years will re-unite us all. I am humble enough now; for, indeed, I have realized my mother's words, and my "pride has had a fall."

REVIEWER.

A Light and a Dark Christmas. A novel. By Mrs. Henry Wood. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia.

This story will be read, like all of Mrs. Wood's novels, with absorbing interest, presenting, as it does, some of that author's best points.

The London Quarterly Review, for July, 1875. New York reprint. For sale by W. B. Zieber, 921 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

This number contains some excellent articles on balloons and voyages in the air, Jamaica, Falconry in the British Isle, Tennyson's Queen Mary, etc.

Jonah, The Self-afflicted Prophet. By Stuart Mitchell. Published by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia.

The book of Jonah is a very remarkable one; the story is wonderful, and while there is abundant German and English literature on the subject, there is very little American. The author, Rev. Stuart Mitchell, pastor of a church in Bloomsburg, Pa., has given us a practical exposition on the Book of Jonah, in which he first gives us a literal translation of it, with exegetical notes, and then proceeds to take it up, chapter by chapter.

We have received from the publisher, R. Bloomfield, No. 30 N. Fifth street, Philadelphia, a copy of the "*Athletics in Caricature.*" This picture will make you laugh. It only costs twenty-five cents, but is worth ten times as much to all lovers of base ball.

TRUTH is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out; it is always near at hand, and sits upon our lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware; whereas a lie is troublesome, sets a man's invention upon the rack; and one trick needs a great many more to make it good.

MONEY and time are the heaviest burdens of life, and the unhappiest of all mortals are those who have more of either than they know how to use.

UNGATHERED LOVE.

BY PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

When the autumn winds go wailing
Through branches yellow and brown,
When the gray sad light is failing,
And the day is going down—
I hear the desolate evening sing
Of a Love that bloomed in the early Spring,
And which no heart had for gathering.

I and my lover we dwell apart,
We twain may never be one—
We shall never stand heart to heart,
Then what can be said or done,
When winds, and waters, and song-birds sing
Of a Love that bloomed in the early Spring,
And which no heart had for gathering?

When day is over and night descends,
And dank mists circle and rise,
I fall asleep, and slumber befriends,
For I dream of April skies,
But I wake to hear the silence sing
Of a Love that bloomed in the early Spring,
And which no heart had for gathering.

When the dawn comes in with wind and rain,
And birds awake in the eaves,
And rain drops smite the window pane,
And drench the eddying leaves—
I hear the voice of the daybreak sing
Of a Love that bloomed in the early Spring,
And which no heart had for gathering.

CAST UP BY THE SEA!

By MRS. HENRY WOOD,

Author of "East Lynne," etc., etc.

[This serial was commenced in No. 45, Vol. 54. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE HEIR OF DANE.

William Lydney sat quietly enough in the strong-room of the station, expecting a visitor. He had requested to be allowed an interview with his landlord, Ravensbird, and Inspector Young had appeared to acquiesce and to send a messenger for him. In point of fact, the messenger was despatched to the castle to inquire Lord Dane's pleasure on the subject. The door opened, and William Lydney rose in expectation, but he saw only the stranger who had been at Lord Dane's side that morning at the examination—the London banker.

"I bring you a line from Lord Dane," began Mr. Blair, putting the folded paper in his hand.

William looked at it, and then at his visitor.

"From whom did you say?"

"From the true Lord Dane," was the whispered answer. "And I believe I have now the honor of speaking to the future lord. Your father, in that note, bids you confide in me—*he* has done so. Perhaps it may be in my power to order your release."

"But what can you possibly have to do with it?" exclaimed young Lydney. "You are a friend of—of him at the castle; his town banker."

"You have been flourishing in Daneshold under false colors, Mr. Dane; so have I. I am not Lord Dane's (the title will slip out) banker, and how the report got wind is more than I can say. I am one of the chief detective officers of the police force. Your father has called in my aid to assist him, and I am ready to assist you. First of all, what did bring you to Mr. Lester's with those companions last night?"

"I cannot explain; I cannot tell you anything about it," was the quick response.

Mr. Blair looked at him, doubts arising.

"You could not have broken in with those men for a nefarious purpose, surely!" he slowly debated, feeling very unpleasantly perplexed in his own mind.

"I?" returned William Dane, as haughtily as any Dane had ever spoken. "You intimated but now your cognizance of my rank; I do not forget it, I assure you, or yet disgrace it."

"Will you give me your reasons for not confiding in me?"

"I do not know that I need object to that," said William, after deliberating. "I could not prove my own innocence without compromising another."

"I told your father you might confide in me, as a friend, not as a detective officer. Do so, that I may be enabled to assist you; and I declare to you, upon my sacred word, that what you may tell me of any other party shall remain locked up in my own breast—it shall never be used against them."

"Never be spoken of? never betrayed?"

"Never, so long as I breathe, unless by your permission. I am not retained to work out this business at Mr. Lester's; it is nothing more to me than to any idle spectator, therefore I can safely give you the promise. Let me know the whole from beginning to end. A curious suspicion has occurred to me more than once, having its rise from some words dropped last night by that respectable member of society, Shad. Is it possible that Mr. Lester's son has been the actor in this, and not you; that the woman-servant—Tiffie, or whatever her name is—mistook you for him in the confusion; and that you have been bearing the stigma to screen him?"

William Dane saw that it would be the best plan to confide the whole truth to Mr. Blair; and he did so. That Wilfred Lester was indeed the culprit, and that he had rushed in after him, having waited for him in vain near the castle, through Shad's tale, rushed in, hoping to bring him to his senses, and rescue him from his alarming danger. He gave the history of the deed as the motive of the inbreak, not plunder; he told that the object had been accomplished, and the deed was then in Wilfred's possession, unsuspected by Mr. Lester. It was William Dane, who, finding Lester amidst the shrubs, had torn the crape from his face, and seen him into his home.

"You see," he concluded, "I cannot declare these facts without awfully compromising Wilfred Lester, and it is not my intention to do that."

"The facts must be confided to Squire Lester, and he must stop proceedings."

"I don't know. He is very bitter against his son. If he knew me for the true heir to Dane, I might have some influence with him," continued William, smiling, "and it should certainly be exerted for Wilfred. It may be better to wait and see what will turn up, so long as Wilfred is not suspected."

"You seem wonderfully easy under your own incarceration," observed Mr. Blair, gazing on his handsome face.

"A man with his conscience at peace is generally easy under most circumstances. And as to the accusation—pshaw! I need only point my finger, and say there is the true Lord Dane at Ravensbird's, come home to assume his rights, and you may know me for his foe; Daneshold would soon scatter the accusation to the winds."

"I think I can do that," said Mr. Blair. "Come with me."

He led the way into the general office, where sat Inspector Young on his usual stool, writing. At the same moment, the messenger, who had been despatched to Dane Castle, entered.

"Did you see his lordship?" inquired the inspector of the latter.

"Yes. And he says no person whatever, especially Ravensbird, is to be admitted to the prisoner."

"The interdict will not be necessary," coolly observed Mr. Blair, as he turned to the inspector. "Young, I am about to relieve you of your charge. This gentleman must be set at liberty."

The inspector stood in mute consternation.

"Where's the warrant for it?" he presently ejaculated.

"Your warrant is, that you are bound to obey my orders," said Mr. Blair. "Let that be your answer to any one who has authority to question you."

Mr. Blair opened the door, and bowed slightly, with every mark of respect, as Lydney passed him. Had the inspector possessed ten eyes, they could not have stared away his astonishment; and it was not lessened when Lydney, laughing and looking back, spoke:

"I will not cherish resentment against you, inspector, for holding me your prisoner. But the day may come when you will thank your stars for not having made an enemy of me. Better, for your self-interest, that you made one of my Lord Dane."

As Mr. Blair and the ex-prisoner left the town behind them, and were nearing the Sailor's Rest, who should come full upon them, in a not-very-frequented part of the road, but Lord Dane. He was swinging down from the castle to the station, to enforce his prohibition personally against any one's being admitted to the prisoner. To describe his amazement when he saw Lydney, free and at large, would be difficult; he gazed, and rubbed his eyes, and gazed again, believing his vision must be deceiving him.

"What is the meaning of this? what brings that man here, at liberty?" demanded he, fiercely, of Mr. Blair. The latter signed to his lordship that he would speak to him privately, and Lydney, slightly raising his hat, which motion Lord Dane might take as one meant in courtesy or mockery, just whichever he pleased, strolled gently on.

"Circumstances have come to my knowledge since the examination this morning, my lord, which render it inexpedient that Mr. Lydney should be kept in custody. I have deemed it my duty to release him."

"What on earth do you mean?" ejaculated Lord Dane. "Circumstances!"

"They have, indeed. Mr. Lydney is no more guilty than you or I. I *know* it, my lord."

"I think you must be mad," replied Lord Dane, in his anger. "It was proved beyond doubt that he was guilty; Tiffie proved it; Shad proved it; the piece of letter Shad found the first night——"

"The letter is explained," interrupted the detective. "It is not written to any poacher; it was written to a gentleman in the neighborhood, Mr. Wilfred Lester, who must have dropped it out of his pocket in the woods, using part of it, probably, for wadding for his gun."

"Do you remember that, in thus releasing him, that you have set my warrant, my authority at defiance?" resumed Lord Dane. "Have you forgotten who I am?"

"No, certainly, I have not forgotten. But my duty was plain before me, and I could but act upon it. I am only responsible, my lord, to one person, and that is my chief, Sir Richard Mayne. I am prepared to lay my motives before Sir Richard, and I am certain that he will approve them, and say I did right to release Mr. Lydney."

Lord Dane felt staggered. He knew how high in the force Mr. Blair was, and that he was a clever, prudent man.

"What are the circumstances you speak of—that could induce you thus to act?" he asked, in a less haughty tone.

"I am not at liberty to relate them, save to Sir Richard only, but I can assure your lordship they are such as to justify me. Certain private facts have been disclosed to me in my official capacity, and I have acted upon them."

"How dare Young connive at the escape of the prisoner, while he held my warrant for detaining him?" foamed Lord Dane. "He shall suffer for it."

"Young had no choice, my lord. When I issue orders, he has not the power to disobey."

"I shall go this instant, and order him to take that thief, Lydney, into custody again," cried Lord Dane.

"I must submit—with all due respect to your lordship—that it will be waste of time for you to do so. So long as I am here, I am chief of the police force, and Young is as my servant."

Lord Dane felt beaten on all sides. Never, since he became Lord Dane, had he been so bearded. Hastily determining to pour out the full grievance before Squire Lester, whom he looked upon as more injured than himself in the proceeding, and quite as much insulted, he turned on his heel to retrace his steps, vouchsafing no further word to Mr. Blair, and then his eyes lighted on a sight which did not tend to restore his temper to equanimity. Bending down till his face was nearly on a level with hers, and her hand retained in his, stood Lydney, talking to Maria Lester.

Away strode Lord Dane in his fury. Scarcely knowing what he did, he would have pulled Maria from her companion, with words of cutting insult to Lydney, and of reproach to Maria for "degrading herself."

"I beg your pardon, Lord Dane," William said, calmly putting him aside and shielding Maria. "Allow me, Miss Lester; I am quite capable of taking care of you."

"What would your father say, to see you thus lower yourself to *his* level, Maria?" asked Lord Dane, controlling his voice to her. "An associate of dark villains, a midnight housebreaker! It is, indeed, fitting society for Miss Lester!"

Maria was exceedingly agitated, but she looked up at Lord Dane, and spoke words of denial.

"He is not that; you do not know what you are saying."

"I heard he was cajoling Miss Lester to some purpose," retorted Lord Dane, in his anger; "that he had nearly prevailed on her to forget social ties and decency, and unite her fate to his! I shall begin to believe it."

"As your lordship has entered upon the topic, I may as well avow that the first hope of my life is that Miss Lester shall some time unite her fate to mine," he coolly said, while Maria fell into pitiable embarrassment. "Should she entrust her life's future to me, she shall find happiness, so far as I can make it. I may be able to effect that better than your lordship would. "Maria," he added, turning to her and clasping her hands in his emotion, "I cannot yet explain; but you will trust me still."

"Yes," she answered, in the impulse of her heart's affection, "I repeat that I will trust you still, and forever. Let the whole world forsake you and speak ill of you, I will not. Lord Dane, you have provoked me to say this; you do not know what you are doing when you accuse *him* of housebreaking."

"Do you know, young lady," began Lord Dane, his lips turning rather livid, "that this style of conversation, of heroic avowal, is very like a taint on the future Lady Dane? Do not fancy I shall give up my bride to a criminal adventurer, although she may have been duped into a passing fancy for him."

"She shall be no bride of yours, Lord Dane," said William, a radiant expression lighting his countenance. "Not at least if I can prevent it, and I think I shall have her voice on my side. Be firm, my darling," he whispered, bending lower; "put your trust in me, and believe that I will make good all the words I have ever said to you. Though, indeed," he called out, as he walked away with Mr. Blair, who had come up, "should things turn out as—as—they may, there does, I fear, stand a chance that you may be Lady Dane."

Maria could neither understand the words nor the expression of his face, save that it spoke of deep, earnest love for her. She turned towards her home, and Lord Dane, all fire, strode by her side.

"No, no, I never will mistrust him," Maria was repeating over to her own heart. "The instinct that attracted me to him at first, whispering me that I might confide in him as I would in myself, that he was true as steel, stands by me still. Let the whole world turn against him, I will not. Was it unmaidenly to say what I did? Lord Dane should not have provoked me; and this dreadful fear, which I dare not mention, as to the real truth of last night's work, is terrifying me beyond control. Lord Dane is rich, powerful, and he is William Lydney's enemy; but God's mercy is over all."

At the outer gate of Daneshold Hall they met Squire Lester, who appeared somewhat perturbed.

"Dane, have you heard this extraordinary news?" he began, when he was still some yards from them. "One of my servants declares that Lydney is at liberty, and walking about unmolested; he ran home hastily to tell me."

"He is at liberty," said Lord Dane, arresting his steps. Maria stopped also. "I was coming to inform you. The police have set him at liberty on their own responsibility."

Squire Lester looked as though he could not understand. The police set at liberty a prisoner who had broken into his house, and been committed by Lord Dane? What could the world be coming to?

"And the first use he made of his liberty was to dare to stop Maria in the street, take her hand, and converse with her in private," resumed Lord Dane. "Mr. Lester, I beg you to allow for my thus speaking to you. You have sanctioned my addresses to your daughter, and that must be my excuse: surely this intimacy with a banned man is neither seemly for her, as Miss Lester, or as my future wife. Had she permitted me to remonstrate against it, I should not have called upon you to do so."

"How could you, for shame, suffer him to speak to you?" demanded Mr. Lester, turning his angry face on Maria.

"Papa," she answered, in a low tone, "he is not guilty; he is not what you think him."

"Your warrant for saying so, young lady?" Mr. Lester contemptuously rejoined.

"I have none that I can give: I have only the conviction of my own heart," she answered, much distressed.

"The conviction of your own folly," retorted Mr. Lester. "Am I to have two disobedient children? Go to your room, Miss Lester, and spell over the word 'disgrace.' Do not come from it until you can tell me you will eschew it. I am proceeding to the police-station, and you had better accompany me," he added to Lord Dane. "If the police dare to beard me, I will convey this man to the county prison myself. Last night's work shall be investigated."

"Oh, papa, don't, don't!" uttered Maria, clinging to him as if to hold him back, as she burst into tears. "You don't know what you may do—what dreadful secrets it might bring to light. Has it never struck you that some one else may have been concerned in this instead of Mr. Lydney?"

"Why, what do you mean?" exclaimed Mr. Lester in consternation. "Are you going mad?"

"I dare not say what I mean—I dare not say it. But, papa, if you have any regard for your own honor and happiness, you will not press for an investigation into last night's work."

She retreated towards the house as she spoke, sobbing grievously. Mr. Lester looked after her in angry perplexity.

"What does she mean? Is she really mad? or can she have become so enthralled by that cursed adventurer as to fear his being brought to public punishment?" soliloquized Mr. Lester, while Lord Dane tossed his haughty head, and curled his lip with withering scorn.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE TRESTLE-CLOSET—MARIA LESTER.

It was evening, and Lawyer Apperly was walking at a strapping pace towards Dane Castle. Not to call upon its master—for Lord Dane and Mr. Lester, and several more *dons* of the vicinity were assembled in Daneshold, at a county-dinner, and the fact was well-known. Airing himself at the castle-gate in the cold—a pastime he rather favored—was Mr. Bruff. He gave the good-evening to the lawyer as the latter came up.

"Good-evening, Bruff," was the response. "I want you to put on your top-coat and take a walk with me."

Mr. Bruff was surprised.

"A walk, sir?"

"At the request of Lord Dane. He is waiting for you."

"Waiting for me!" uttered Bruff. "Why, what can he want with me? He is not taken ill, is he?" he added more quickly—the idea occurring to him.

"He is very ill," gravely responded

Mr. Apperly. "I am not sure that he is not ill unto death."

"For heaven's sake, what's the matter with him?" demanded Bruff. "Where's he lying? who is with him? Never mind my coat. When he stepped into his carriage here, an hour ago, he was perfectly well."

"Now, don't put yourself in a flurry, Bruff," returned the lawyer; "ill though he is, that will do him no good. He has need of your services, and has sent for you."

"But to be ill unto death!" cried Bruff, closing the castle-gate, and turning towards Daneshold, side by side with Mr. Apperly. "Mercy prevent any thing happening to him! He's the last of the race, and the title would become extinct."

"A sad calamity, that," remarked Mr. Apperly, taking a pinch of snuff. "You are attached to the Danes, Bruff."

"It's only natural that I should be, Mr. Apperly, serving them so long. I wonder who would have the castle then? The crown? or Miss Dane?"

"Neither has got it yet," was the lawyer's rejoinder, in a tone of significance. "But——"

"This news reminds me of the other night," broke in Bruff. "I was standing at the gate, sir, like you found me to-night, only that I was talking to a friend, and my lord came up the very image of a corpse, his face and hands a livid blue. I did not like to accost him, he seemed so scared and strange; he looked for all the world like a man who——"

"Had seen a ghost," interrupted the lawyer.

"A ghost!" uttered Bruff, disdainfully. "Like a man who has not many hours off his death-bed, I was going to say. Some sudden pain or inward illness must have attacked him; perhaps it's the same thing now. Pray goodness he gets over it!"

"I did not fancy you owned any ultra fondness for his lordship."

"Not as I did for the past family," spoke Bruff, with emotion; "especially for the old lord, and for Mr. Harry. I never did greatly like Mr. Herbert. But the rest are dead and gone, and he is Lord Dane. He is a good master."

"Could the old family—any one of them—rise from their graves to life, should you deem yourself bound to serve them or the present lord?"

"Why, the present lord would not be Lord Dane in that case," debated Bruff, after a minute given to consideration.

"Of course he would not."

"I should naturally serve the old family, whichever of them it might be," returned Bruff. "But where's the use of reaping up impossible speculations, sir?"

"Very true. Better put forth our best steps to the Sailor's Rest."

"The Sailor's Rest!" echoed Bruff, in astonishment. "Have they taken my lord there? What, in the name of stupidity, did they do that for? If they moved him at all, they should have brought him home."

Mr. Apperly said little more. Arrived at the Sailor's Rest, he marshalled Bruff upstairs and introduced him to the chamber. Bruff cast an impatient glance around; he saw Ravensbird, young Mr. Lydney, and some one seated on the sofa, whom he took but a passing glance at.

"Where is my lord?" he cried.

"There," said Mr. Apperly.

Lord Dane rose from the sofa, took a few steps alone, and stood before Bruff with a smile. Bruff's face grew long as he gazed, and he backed against the wall.

"Don't you know me, Bruff? I am real flesh and blood."

"It—it's the living image of what Mr. Harry once was, save the hair!" ejaculated Bruff, staring from one to another in hopeless perplexity. "But it can't be!"

"Yes it can, Bruff. Mr. Harry was not killed by his fall over the cliff, and Mr. Harry is alive still. I thought you would have known me better."

The water rushed into Bruff's eyes, and his very hands trembled with emotion, as he knelt down before Lord Dane.

"My lord! my true and veritable lord! I do know you now!" he uttered, the tears streaming down his cheeks. "Old Bruff has lived long enough, now that he will see one of the real family reigning at the castle!"

Lord Dane extended his hand, and bade him rise.

"I shall never reign there, and you will not serve me, Bruff; for, to the best of my belief, a few days will see me where I am supposed to be—in the castle-crypt. But," added Lord Dane, motioning his son towards him, and resting his hand upon his shoulder, "I hope you will serve another, as truly and loyally as you would serve me. This will be the castle's future lord."

"He is——?"

"Another Geoffry, Bruff; the Honorable Geoffry William Lydney Dane; he is my only son. Be faithful to him, for his father and grandfather's sake."

"I said he was a chieftain!" declared Bruff, his delighted eyes glistening; "the first time he ever came to the castle, I saw he was born to be a chieftain. Miss Dane declared he was like my lady; she did indeed!"

"Like my mother? Yes, the resemblance has struck me; but he has the high Dane features, too. I am dying, Bruff; and I require a service at your hands first. Will you execute it?"

"Ay, my lord; anything for you and yours. Though it should be to the laying down of my life."

"But, understand, Bruff, it will involve treachery to him at the castle. We must meet treachery with treachery. He has been treacherous to me, and now comes my turn. You don't ask who it was sent me over the cliff."

Bruff did not ask, even now. A dark suspicion was stealing over him.

"It was Herbert Dane. But not in treachery. The treachery touching that lies in his having duped everybody afterwards in passing himself off for innocent and unconscious. It is done and over; but something else remains. Where's that box, Bruff?"

"The missing box?" said Bruff, shaking his head. "My lord, I don't know; I have never known."

"It was my box, Bruff, and my mother's before me. You have seen it many a time. There is not the least doubt that Herbert Dane recognized it on the beach, and has got it in the castle. Now, that box I *must* obtain. I have a detective at work, but it has struck us that you may serve the cause more effectually than he; though he seems a keen man, does Blair."

"Blair! Blair a detective! What does your lordship say?"

"Your friend Mr. Blair's a detective, Bruff, unsuspicious of the fact as you may have been. You must get this box for us out of the castle to-night."

Bruff was wandering out to sea again. He did not believe the box was, or could be, in the castle. Mr. Apperly explained, at a sign from Lord Dane.

"In the death-room there's the trestle-closet, Bruff, and in the trestle-closet there's a secret hiding-place. The box, we think, is in it. If found to be there, you will get it here by stratagem?"

"Yes, I will, replied Bruff. "If the box is my lord's he has a right to it; and I look upon myself as his retainer now, not Mr. Herbert's."

A little explanation, and their plans were put in execution.

Bruff and Apperly proceeded at once to the castle—a man waiting outside it with a truck. Bruff held the keys of the death-room, and he admitted Mr. Apperly to it through the outer passage, where they were not likely to be met by any of the servants; and Lord Dane was safe at the dinner. The lawyer pressed the spring in the closet, and the side slowly opened.

They found themselves in a room seven yards square, a room where an immense booty could have been stowed away, had smugglers ever so willed it. It was empty now, save for one small object in the middle—the missing box.

The missing box, open. Lord Dane had contrived to wrench back its lid. He had found, however, what he had not bargained for—an hermetically-sealed case inside, which he had *not* yet succeeded in opening. Probably he had wanted tools and opportunity; possibly, having it safe in his possession, he did not haste to penetrate its contents.

"I'll tell you what," said Bruff, "he must have lugged this in here himself at the moment of its arrival, while I was seeing the miller's men out. Though how he could have had the strength to move it, is more than I can conceive."

"A desperate man finds strength for anything," returned the lawyer. "When he recognized that box as Captain Dane's, the very uncertainty of what was turning up, and what should bring it back to England, would make him desperate. We shall have to pull, to carry it from here to the cart."

"I say, Mr. Apperly," cried Bruff, in a whisper, "only to think of its having been Mr. Herbert who threw the captain over the cliff! Didn't he dissimulate!"

"He could do a paltry trick or two, could Herbert Dane. He served me one; it was about the lease of the Sailor's Rest. I accepted Richard for tenant, under the old lord's approbation, and the deposit was paid: my lord turns it all topsy-turvy as soon as he comes into power, gives it to Ravensbird, and I had my trouble and some cost for my pains. Steady, Bruff, get firm hold of the end. The case is of lead, you see; it is that which causes it to be so heavy."

Just about the time that they were moving the box, or a little earlier, Maria Lester was quitting her own house for a hasty visit to her brother's. She had not seen her father since the afternoon when he ordered her to her room. Whether his mandate implied that she was to keep it exclusively until restored to favor, she did not know: had it been so, she was too miserable to obey. That Wilfred had been the real criminal of the preceding night, she had little doubt, and the fears, the distress that haunted her, nearly drove her what Mr. Lester had called her—mad. She did not dare to hint at her suspicions to her father; she believed he might be capable of prosecuting Wilfred; but over and anon, in the midst of her sick suspense, there would rush over her a vision of hope, of brightness—that, after all, she was judging him wrongly; that he was not, and could not be guilty of so base a deed.

Have you ever felt the rack of suspense, reader? How far more terrible it is to endure than the actual reality. Then you can understand why Maria Lester stole out of her own house, almost like a criminal, hoping to gain some tidings, some little word of certainty, whether it might be of good or of evil, did she go for five minutes to her brother's.

It was dark night, but she took no attendant: was she not about to visit her proscribed brother? was she not disobeying commands in going out at all? She drew her veil over her face, and walked swiftly along. Edith was alone when she entered, sitting in her low chair by the fire. She was beginning to gain strength and look better; for Sarah contrived, in her unaccountable manner, to procure all sorts of renovating dainties, not excepting wine.

"Where is Wilfred?" asked Maria, glancing nervously round the room.

"He has just stepped out to take a walk, expecting, I fancy, to meet Mr. Lydney," replied Edith. "I do not think he is very well."

"Who? Wilfred?"

"I mean Wilfred. He has been in quite a nervous state all day; actually nervous, Maria. So extraordinary for Wilfred, who is naturally careless and calm."

"Nervous in what manner?" asked Maria, her heart beating.

"Disturbed; restless. When people have come to the door, he has started to the kitchen window to peep out and see who it might be: once, there was a loud knock; he happened to be in the passage, and he came rushing in here, and held the door to. I asked what he feared? what was the matter? he would not speak, but he was certainly agitated. He has seemed all day to be frightened at his own shadow."

Terrible confirmation. Maria sat on, feeling frightened at her own. Mrs. Lester resumed.

"Maria, what can be the true meaning—the facts of that business last night at the hall? Wilfred will not say a word. Any one would suppose that he might have gone out to-day and learned the details, but he did not. I can never believe that Mr. Lydney is guilty—and he has been released from custody."

"Yes, he is released," murmured Maria.

"Upon what grounds? That his innocence has been indisputably proved?"

"I do not know."

"Sarah, too, has been in rather a queer way all day," pursued Edith. "When she heard that Mr. Lydney was arrested, it put her out unaccountably, for she has taken a wonderful fancy to him. And she has seemed as fidgetty as Wilfred over the knocks at the door, reconnoitering from the window before she would open it to any one."

"Was Wilfred out last night?" inquired Maria, in a low tone.

"Well, now, that's what I'm unable to tell you. I went to bed very early, and fell into one of those sound sleeps from which you do not wake easily. I suppose it is my weakness sleeping itself off. Wilfred was in bed when I woke this morning. I asked him what time he came up, and he said he thought the clock had gone eleven. But, Maria, there was a tone in his voice which did not sound a true one, and I fancied he might be deceiving me, so I asked Sarah, and she answered in that cross way she has when put out, 'What should have taken him out?' Between the two I can get at nothing satisfactory."

Maria rose. In her desperate fear she would have put the question plainly to Wilfred, could she have seen him, and implored him to tell her the best and the worst, but it was uncertain what time he might come in, and she did not like to remain out long, not caring that Lady Adelaide should miss her. She wished Edith good night, and Sarah, hearing her departure, went to the front door and opened it.

"It's quite dark, Miss Lester. Shall I put on my bonnet and run with you?"

"Oh, no, it will not do to leave your mistress alone, and I shall be home in a trice. You don't happen to know which way my brother is walking, I suppose, Sarah? I would meet him if I could, for I wish to speak to him."

"No, miss, I don't know. I wish I did," she added, in a marked manner.

"Why?" distinctly asked Maria.

"Because I should be apt to go after him and pull him home. He is safer at home than out," was the woman's emphatic reply.

"Was he out last night?" inquired Maria, speaking in the strong impulse of the moment; and she knew that Sarah was faithful; she knew also that she was not blind to the doings of Wilfred.

"He was out," answered Sarah, sinking her voice. "And if he cannot be stopped at his game, Miss Lester, he'll come to—to—something bad."

"Sarah, I am sure you know all," she wailed. "Where was he?"

"I know pretty well. Folks must be sharp to deceive me where my suspicions are wakened. But it's not for your ears, Miss Lester."

"My suspicions are awake, too, Sarah—awake to dread, to agony," she whispered. "Tell me what you know. It will be more kind to me than the letting me remain in suspense."

"He went out last evening as soon as missis had gone up to bed, and he never came in again till two o'clock, or past, and it was Mr. Lydney who brought him to the door," said Sarah, without further circumlocution. "I saw his hat this morning, Miss Maria."

"His hat! What do you mean?"

"There had been black crape pinned on the inside of it," she proceeded. "It had been torn out, but the pins and the edge was left."

Maria raised her trembling hand to her damp brow. The avowal was nothing more than her fears had suggested, but it turned her sick and faint. Visions of a felon's bar and he standing at it rose before her eyes, and she felt that she would willingly sacrifice herself for Wilfred.

"I took the pins out, and I burnt the nasty edge of crape," added Sarah. "And I'm sure every knock that has come to the door to-day has brought my heart in my mouth, thinking it might be the officers of justice. If this comes out to Miss Edith—bother! I'm always forgetting and calling her that!—it will just kill her."

Maria walked away with her shivering dread. In every tree she feared an enemy; in every turn of the road an ambush—the officers of justice, as Sarah called them—watching for her brother. She was in view of her own home, and was passing the corner of the wood where Tiffie was wont to favor young Shad with her presence, when she came upon a tall, still figure, gathered under the shade of the trees. At the first movement she thought it was Wilfred, and threw up her veil.

"Is it you, out here alone?"

The speaker was William Lydney. He took Maria's hand in his, and told her he was looking for her brother, who had promised to meet him somewhere about there that evening, but who did not appear to be in a hurry to remember his appointment.

"I have been to his house," she answered, "and going there, did not desire any of the servants to attend me. I—I——"

"You are ill, or agitated," he rejoined, perceiving that she could scarcely speak. "Which is it, Maria?"

"Both, both!" she uttered, giving vent to the feelings that so terribly oppressed her. "Oh, William, tell me the truth about last night! The suspense is killing me."

"The truth! You do not doubt me, Maria?"

"Doubt you!" she echoed, clasping his hand between hers in her heart's trust, in her deep agitation. "I know that you are the firmest friend man can possess—that you have suffered the guilt to rest upon yourself to shield Wilfred. It was he who was the housebreaker last night. He was one of those men with the crape on their faces! He had crape on his! It has been told to me beyond dispute. I suspect that you followed him in to draw him out of the crime."

He did not answer.

"Will you not let there be confidence so far between us, Mr. Lydney? It will not betray to me more of my brother than I already know."

"Call me William! Call me William!" he hastily exclaimed. "The name sounds sweeter to me from your lips than it ever did before. You are right. Wilfred did so far forget himself as to join those men, or rather get them to join him. The knowledge that they had entered the hall came to me in a singular manner, and I made speed to enter it also, with the view of getting Wilfred out of it. But I arrived when the deed was done. Wilfred was already gone. I found him, tore the crape from his hat, and saw him safely home. That is the whole truth, Maria."

"And his object—that deed?"

William nodded.

"As I supposed. Did he get it?"

"He did."

"Papa has not discovered its loss, then?"

"No. I gathered that this morning. Had he done so, it might have helped him to guess at the real offender."

"And you have generously borne the odium to shield him—you are bearing it still, while Daneshold is calling you thief, adventurer—turning you from its doors! If they did but know what they are doing! And I may not declare it! You can never be repaid."

"I am amply repaid now'" he whispered, as he threw his arm round Maria's waist and drew her beside him. "Let them say of me what they will, so long as you will be my heart's confidant, and take my part, their words fall on me as the idle wind."

"But I cannot take it openly."

"That will come yet, Maria. A little time, my dearest, a very little time, and I may ask Mr. Lester to give you to me."

"Oh, William, do not speak of it," she interrupted; "it may never come. All this day, since this new and dreadful fear has been upon me, touching Wilfred, now it is a certainty, I have asked myself whether I ought not to sacrifice myself for him."

"Sacrifice yourself in what manner?"

"By marrying Lord Dane," she whispered, throwing her two hands before her face, as one does in mortal pain. "My father hinted to me that it should be the means of making his peace with Wilfred. He said that on my wedding-day he would restore Wilfred to favor, and allow him an income."

For a single minute William Dane held a battle within himself, whether he should not confide to Maria who he really was, but he remembered the word passed to his father not to breathe a word of his rank until he could assume it, and he resisted the temptation.

"Maria," he gravely said, "you have trusted me before, trust me still. Mr. Lester's wish that you should become Lord Dane's wife does not come from any particular love for him, but for his rank, his wealth, his social position. I believe that, as my wife, your position will not be inferior to what it would be as his, and that Mr. Lester will acknowledge the fact. Promise me that, until the relative merits of myself and Lord Dane can be publicly compared, you will hold yourself free."

She lifted her eyes to his in the starlight.

"I do not know what there is about you, but you seem to possess the power of persuading me against my judgment. I do promise."

"I must have another boon from you yet, Maria—the permission to speak to Mr. Lester, as soon as I shall find myself in a position to do so. Give it me now, and set my heart at rest."

"But that will imply—it will be giving you——"

Maria stopped. She could not get on.

"It will imply that I am dearer to you than any one on earth. It will be giving me the hope of proving my love and gratitude to you throughout my whole life," he softly whispered, as he, for the first time, pressed his lips to hers. "My darling, give it me."

"Yes, yes," she answered, her heart wildly beating.

They stood a moment in silence. Maria broke it.

"I do not know why I trust you. We were, until recently, strangers. I know nothing of who you really are; and yet I do revere and confide in you above all, under God. But you may say I am lightly won."

"When I do say it, then reproach me," he answered, with emotion. "With God above us, and those bright stars, his witnesses, hear me vow to you that, truly and fervently as I shall undertake to cherish and love you at the altar, so will I do it all the more fervently as the years go on. You may register the vow, Maria, for it shall be sacredly kept."

"Why did you tell me this morning that I might yet become Lady Dane?"

"Ah! thereby hangs a joke," he laughed. "Perhaps you may have no choice yet."

"Choice of what?"

"Choice between becoming my wife and Lady Dane."

"William, I cannot understand you."

"Not yet, my darling. But you have promised to trust me, don't forget that. I will see you to the gate," he added, for she was about to move away.

Maria hesitated, deliberating whether it were better, should they be met, that she were seen abroad after dark with William Lydney, or by herself. However, the distance was so short, that she made no objection. He drew her arm within his, and they walked on, slowly enough, it must be confessed.

We are apt to assure children that they never do a wrong thing but they are dropped upon. Just so it happened with William Lydney and Maria; though whether they were doing anything very wrong, the reader must decide for himself. They had all but reached the gate, when two persons came hastily out of it, and faced them—Mr. Apperly and the Lady Adelaide Lester.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LOVE AT THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

During a recent ascent of the White Mountains, the party of travelers were very much entertained by a young couple from New York, evidently just fresh from the pastor's hands. It couldn't have been longer than the day before that they were joined in the holy bonds of wedlock. Emma was the little wife, and Charles was the doting husband. "Oh, Charles, dear," she said, as she laid her fair damask cheek upon his much-becindered duster, "it is so delightful, this new life we are leading. I feel as though I were a new creature. Oh, Charles, dear, I love you so much. I'd hug you to death, if there was nobody looking." Charles smiled approvingly. "Wait till we get to the Summit House, Emma, and I'll let you squeeze me. I don't care if you do kill me. But, Emma, are you comfortable leaning against the car?" "Not very comfortable, Charles." "Are you tired, love?" "Tired some." "Sleepy, love?" "Some sleepy." "There, dear little Emma, let me pull down the blinds, and you shall lean your head upon my breast and go to sleep. I've seen all the mountains I care for."

So Emma wrapped herself in Charles' arms, closed her eyes, and was soon snoring in blissful ignorance of the glorious scenery that stretched far and wide on every hand. If we may be allowed a word to parties contemplating matrimony, it is that they stay close at home during the first fortnight of the honeymoon. Bridal trips are all nonsense. You will be uncomfortable all the way. You cannot kiss and hug and spooney each other half so often as you can at home; you will be laughed at by everybody on the cars or stage or steamboat, and in after years, when you see others upon their wedding journeys, you will blush to think that you were once as much of a spectacle as they.

FRIENDSHIP is the cordial of life, the lenative of our sorrows, and the multiplier of our joys; the source equally of animation and of repose.

AUTUMN WORK IN THE GARDEN.

October is near, when rain, wind, and early frosts do their wild work among trees and flowers, littering the walks with damp, decaying leaves, while the last lingering blossoms hang wet and heavy on their stalks, bringing to our mind the mournfully beautiful lines of Tennyson:

"A spirit haunts the year's last hours,
Dwelling amid these yellow bowers:
To himself he talks.
For at eventide, listening earnestly,
At his work you may hear him sob and sigh,
In his walks.
Earthward he boweth the heavy stalks,
Heavily hangs the broad sunflower
Over its grave in the earth so chilly;
Heavily hangs the hollyhock,
Heavily hangs the tiger-lily."

But autumn has its closing pleasures, and among them is making general improvements in the garden. Now is the time to dig up and put in order every vacant bed, as it will not only facilitate spring work, but do the soil good, and give the garden a neat and tidy appearance.

Early autumn is the best possible time for rearranging beds of herbaceous plants, such as hollyhocks, delphiniums, paonies, etc. Roots can be divided without injury, and generally with great benefit to the health of the plants. Plants that are tender in the north, such as tritomas, pampas grass, and anything not quite hardy that it would be desirable to save over the winter, may be secured in pits dug in the soil, say three feet deep, and covered with sash. Hollyhocks will winter in such a pit, and so will pansies, and almost any half-hardy plant. There are some seeds that do much better if sown in the autumn than with spring sowing. They require a moist, cool soil for germination, and if sown in the spring the warm, dry weather sets in before they have acquired much strength, and they suffer in consequence. The nemophilas and Clarkias are examples. They grow naturally in cool, shady vales, or in mountain regions, and if sown in autumn, start very early in the spring, and in May or early in June are in perfection, and charming. If sown in the spring they are apt to perish or suffer with the drought and heat before they reach perfection. There are also several hardy annuals that do very well when sown in the spring, but will bear autumn sowing, and reward us with early spring flowers in consequence of this treatment. Sweet alyssum and white candytuft will give an abundance of white for early cutting, if sown in the autumn. In a sandy soil the Portulca may be sown in the autumn with good success. Seeds of biennials and perennials, if sown early enough to produce strong little plants before frost, will flower the next summer, and pansies and Chinese pinks, though they bloom the first summer if sown in the spring, will make much stronger plants and flower more freely and earlier if young plants are grown in the autumn. The pansy sometimes suffers in the winter, but if the young plants are put in a frame and covered with a few loose boards, or a little matting, being always sure to give air, they will pass the winter in safety.

The autumn months are the proper time for planting nearly all the bulbous-rooted plants. Now is the time to make a selection and plant. The following are suitable for the garden, viz.: Hyacinths, tulips, crocus, iris, jonquils, lily of the valley, crown imperial, narcissus, snowdrops; the beautiful lilium Auratum, or golden lily of Japan. All the protection these will require during the winter will be a few inches of tan, leaves or other substances. The hyacinth is very popular, and well adopted for in as well as outdoor decoration. Where the attempt is made to grow the bulb in water, none but the single varieties should be used.

Of all the flowers the snowdrop is the first to herald the approach of spring. It shoots up its slender stem, and displays its white drooping colors while the spotless snow still covers the garden walks.

Those who will adhere to the following rules in setting out their bulbs this fall will be amply rewarded next spring in seeing a prolonged bloom. Around every bed, about three inches from the edge, set a thick border of crocuses, of all colors mixed—the yellow begin to bloom in March, and the purple and white continue till April, closing over the yellow as they wither. At about six inches within the crocuses, and eight inches from each other, plant double tulips (chiefly *Rex rubrorum* and double yellow) like the crocuses, surrounding every bed. Between each of these tulips plant hyacinths. These are to succeed the crocuses, and form, with a little help from purple primrose, a perfect April bloom. As these fade, the tulip-bloom in May comes on, and as these close over the fading hyacinths, between them they seem to form a perfect hedge of mingled scarlet and gold round every bed, of which the effect may really be termed gorgeous. As these fade, all the June fibrous-rooted plants begin their bloom; then roses of all colors, white lilies, etc.

In regard to planting, so much has been written on this subject that no one can fail in growing them; the only requisites being good sound bulbs, a light sandy soil, and planting at the proper season.

KEEP THE RECIPES.—Every housekeeper should have her own recipe-book—a book of her own creation, of general growth and proved excellence—and we propose to show our lady readers how to make one. In the first place, buy a blank book and write your name and date on the first leaf. Divide the book into as many different departments as you wish, heading each page with the department to which it belongs, as follows: Recipes for cleaning; recipes for soups; recipes for cooking meats; recipes for cake; and so on through family cooking. Then come cooking for the sick, care for the sick, and all the various things that are a part of woman's duty, and for which, unfortunately, there is no school but experience. Number your pages if they are not numbered in the beginning, and make an index, leaving blank spaces in the index to correspond with blank pages between departments which you do not expect to fill immediately. Write down under these different heads every recipe which you have actually tried, or the result of which you have seen in the houses of your friends, and enter the page in the index.

VERY few in the world have their passions adequately occupied; almost everybody has it in them to be better than they are.

RECEIPTS.

To remove fruit stains from napkins, etc., wet the spots with chlorine water.

TO CLEAN a brown porcelain kettle, boil peeled potatoes in it. The porcelain will be rendered nearly as white as when new.

AN inkstand was turned over upon a white tablecloth; a servant threw over it a mixture of salt and pepper plentifully, and all traces of it disappeared.

CRAYON DRAWINGS.—There is a way of preserving crayon drawings by floating over them a solution of isinglass and warm water; the easiest and most effective way of setting them is to expose them to a dense steam, such as would come from the mouth of a large kettle of boiling water. The drawing must be pinned securely on a board, upon which it must remain until thoroughly dry.

THREADBARE COATS.—When woolens are worn threadbare, as is often the case in the elbows, cuffs, sleeves, etc., of men's coats, the coat must be soaked in cold water for half an hour, then taken out of the water and put on a board, and the threadbare part of the cloth rubbed with a half worn hatter's "card," filled with flocks, or with a prickly thistle, until a sufficient nap is raised. When this is done, hang the coat up to dry, and with a hard brush lay the nap the right way. This is the method which is pursued by dealers in old clothes.

REMEDY FOR WARTS.—Warts are very troublesome and disfiguring. The following is a perfect cure, even of the largest, without leaving any scar. It is a Frenchman's prescription, and has been tested by the writer: Take a small piece of raw beef, steep it all night in vinegar, cut as much from it as will cover the wart, and tie it on it; if the excrescence is on the forehead, fasten it on with strips of sticking plaster. It may be removed in the day and put on every night. In two weeks the wart will die and peel off. The same prescription will cure corns.

BRUISES.—The best application for a bruise, be it large or small, is moist warmth; therefore, a warm bread-and-water poultice, in hot moist flannels, should be put on, as they supple the skin, and, in the neighborhood of a joint, it will be well to apply ten or a dozen leeches over the whole bruised part, and afterwards a poultice. But leeches should not be put on young children. If the bruised part be in the knee or ankle, walking should not be attempted till it can be performed without pain. Inattention to this point very often lays the foundation for serious mischief in these joints, especially in the case of scrofulous persons.

TO MAKE SALT BUTTER FRESH.—Put four pounds of salt butter into a churn, with four quarts of new milk, and a small portion of anatto. Churn them together, and in about an hour take out the butter and treat it exactly as fresh butter by washing it in fresh water, and adding the customary quantity of salt. This is a singular experiment. The butter gains about three ounces to each pound, and is in every particular equal to fresh butter. It would be greatly improved by the addition of two or three ounces of fine sugar in powder. A common earthen churn answers the same purpose as a wooden one, and may be purchased at any china store.

ITEMS of INTEREST.

SINCE the year 1800 England has waged 49 wars, France 38, Russia 23, Austria 12, Prussia 6, and in spite of all the societies and international conventions, they all appear anxious for another.——A mail was received on July 31, at the San Francisco post-office, which had been but fifteen days in coming from London thither, and but fourteen days from Dublin. This is the fastest time on record.——The income of Girard College in 1874 was, it is said, sufficient to meet all expenses and leave a surplus of about $200,000. It now has 500 pupils.——The circulation of the Bible in Turkey has been authorized by the Porte.——The last census in England was completed in a single night. New York, on the contrary, takes weeks. Why should it?——"Kangaroo," a race horse for which the Marquis of Hastings paid $70,000, now runs between the shafts of a London cab.——Step by step the entail laws are coming to an end in Scotland, and will speedily disappear in England also. The bill for the amendment of the Scotch entail law has, with some few amendments, been passed, and is now part of the law of the land. By this act the owners of entailed estates are enabled to do what they could never do before: borrow money to pay the cost of improvements, and have that money made a permanent burden upon the land, not till the death of the borrower, but till it is all fully paid up, both principal and interest. For want of this power many estates have been allowed to remain not half improved.——A compositor in Fremont, Ohio, claims to have in his possession the original composing stick used by Benjamin Franklin while learning the printing business. It is made of copper, and is quite a curiosity.——Some editor who, no doubt, will next tell us how to gild refined gold and paint the lily, has discovered that honey improves the taste of the cantaloupe. Nothing can improve the flavor of a really good melon of this sort, and one that is not really good by nature ought always to be given to the pigs.——The English mails for Australia now pass across the United States to San Francisco. The time is twelve or fifteen days shorter than by the old route.

To Owners of Horses.

NO ONE WHO HAS EVER USED DR. Tobias' Horse Venetian Liniment will ever be without it. It is a certain cure for Colic, Sore Throat, Cuts, Bruises, Old Sores. Warranted superior to any other; 50 pint bottles, at One Dollar. Sold by the druggists. Depot, 10 Park Place, New York.

Secret of Beauty.

Ladies who use cosmetic to beautify the skin should always be very careful to use nothing but the very best preparations. Geo. W. Laird's "Bloom of Youth" has been in use for over twenty years, during which time it has been used by over a million ladies, and in every instance given entire satisfaction. For beautifying the skin it is far superior to any preparation in the world. Sold at all druggists everywhere.

Depot, 6 Gold Street, New York. Price 75 cents.

The Saturday Evening Post
PHILADELPHIA
1821
FOUNDED AUG 4TH A.D.

Saturday Evening, Oct. 2, 1875.

HON. WM. F. CODY.
(BUFFALO BILL.)

Anxious to obtain for the readers of the Post a first class Border Story, we made up our minds that we would get one by a writer thoroughly posted on the subject, and who could truthfully depict the startling and vivid reality of actual Frontier Life.

After considerable persuasion, and at much personal inconvenience to himself, owing to his many other engagements, both literary and dramatic, we are glad to be able to announce to our readers that we have secured for them a thrilling Border Romance from the pen of the well-known Indian scout, Hon. Wm. F. Cody, perhaps better known under his *soubriquet* of Buffalo Bill, which he earned by his remarkable skill as a hunter of the wild bison of the plains.

Hon. Mr. Cody served for many years as Chief of Indian Scouts for the government, and under his guidance Generals Carr, Crook and Custer gained many of their brilliant successes. He has lived on the frontier all his life, and knows more about Indian habits and Indian fights than any other man living in the country.

Four weeks hence we shall commence this story, entitled, "Prairie Prince, The Boy Outlaw; or, Trailed To His Doom." A Romance of Southwestern Frontier Life.

A story of Border Life which, though replete with thrilling episodes and startling adventures, is entirely devoid of the sensational, blood and thunder features which usually characterize romances of this kind.

Buffalo Bill seems to have as wonderful a facility with pen as with rifle, equally ready with either weapon, and possesses the power of enchaining and entrancing his readers by the thoroughly life-like and natural manner in which he portrays life on the Border as it actually is, and by the masterly manner in which he develops his plot. We are sure that our readers will look forward with pleasure to the commencement of this story.

LUCK.

The man who, in his own person, feels the "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune," and feels them severely and unceasingly; who struggles, without avail, through year after year, against the adverse circumstances which compass him about; who feels all the while that he has earned the sweetness of success, but can only taste the bitterness of defeat; who is baffled by unseen and intangible forces while grasping after the prize he knows he has honestly won, and sees it pass into the hand of another whose effort has been feeble, and whose deserving is *nothing*—such a man is very slow to accept the philosophy which is so much in fashion now, and which has for its principal tenet that "a man's luck is always what he makes it;" in other words, that every man can shape his own career, reaping the direct result of such endeavors as he may put forth.

This man whom we have cited, feels very keenly that a man does *not* make his own luck beyond very narrow limits. Of course the limits are narrower or wider, according as the man is characterized by weakness or force. But the limits exist, and beyond them no man may go. Under certain conditions the strongest, grandest, most forcible man is dominated by circumstances. The philosophers say that he has only to put forth the right kind of effort, and lo! these circumstances are quelled and are placed, bound, beneath the feet of the victor, man. But the lamentable fact is that with only finite human powers to work with, and unknown forces combined in unknown strength to work against, it cannot be done. It is still true that the man of refined tastes and high intellectual powers—who needs only to breath the proper atmosphere, and to live among the proper surroundings, to bring forth the sweetest flowers of literature and the richest fruits of philosophy—grows up among the thickly piled stones of poverty, and in the bleak climate of coarse rudeness, and he is, to all appearance, a wasted force. It is still true that the man, born to poverty, and struggling hard for daily bread, may have the most acute business perceptions of any man in his community, but, when the opportunity comes to invest and make a fortune, the money the investment would require is inexorably needed for the purchase of bread and coal.

What shall we do then? Give up trying and simply wait for the turn of luck? Not at all. The philosophy is true just so far as this: Man is the superior of circumstances, even when not the master of them. He may not be able to shape them to his will, but he can, to a very great extent, prevent their misshaping them; and this is not the only world in which he is to use his powers. By using them to the best purposes here, even though he shall not achieve apparent success, he will keep them in readiness for the best use hereafter; and that is better than the best rewards of Luck.

NEVER make a promise when the power of performing that promise depends on another.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1875--'76!

OF THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Publishers of THE POST take pleasure in announcing that their literary arrangements for the coming year are of so gratifying a character as to warrant them in promising a feast of good things to their thousands of readers, that cannot be excelled. Never before has there been such a

BRILLIANT ARRAY OF CONTRIBUTORS,

among whom we may now mention the following distinguished authors, all of whom will appear in our columns:

MRS. HENRY WOOD,
MISS MULOCH,
Author of John Halifax, Gentleman,
MRS. MARY A. DENISON,
VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND,
MRS. MARGARET HOSMER,
MRS. HESTER A. BENEDICT,
MARGARET BLOUNT,
"OUIDA,"
MARGERY LAIRD,
AMANDA M. DOUGLAS,
CLEMENTINE MONTAGUE,
MARY E. WOODSON,
MRS. MILLIE W. CARPENTER,
CLIO STANLEY,
ANNIE H. JEROME,
"AUNT MARY,"
SUSANNA J.,
ANNA MORRIS,
CATHARINE FILER,
MARGARET EARLE,
FRANK LEE BENEDICT,
CHARLES McKNIGHT, Esq.,
Author of "Old Fort Duquesne"
Hon. WM. F. CODY, (Buffalo Bill,)
COL. PRENTISS INGRAHAM,
EMERSON BENNETT,
PIERCE EGAN,
CHARLES MORRIS,
FRANK COREY,
RETT WINWOOD,
CAPT. CLEWLINE,
REV. DR. BADGER,
CAPT. CHARLES HOWARD,
CHESTER LINCOLN,
CAPT. CARNES,
EBEN REXFORD,
Lieut. H. D. SMITH, U. S. R. M.,
J. C. PURDY,
MAURICE EGAN,
T. FERGUSON,
H. WATSON FLEMING.

THE POST still continues to maintain its proud position as

"THE OLDEST AND BEST OF THE WEEKLIES,"

and each week is filled with the

CHOICEST LITERATURE,

Including Serials, Sketches, Poetry, Essays, Historical and Scientific Notes, Centennial News, Anecdotes, Correspondents' Bureau, and everything of an interesting character designed

TO INSTRUCT AND AMUSE.

A Family who read a good

First-Class Literary Paper

can scarcely fail to become more intelligent and refined under its influence—their stock of general information especially, will be greatly enlarged. That the POST has exerted this beneficial influence in thousands of cases, THOUSANDS OF ITS OLD PATRONS will, we are confident, cheerfully and gratefully testify.

Therefore

Subscribe to The Post.

Its varied lessons on all subjects cannot fail of being productive of much good wherever it is read.

A SPLENDID PREMIUM TO SUBSCRIBERS!

OUR CHROMO.

As so many papers are now using Chromo premiums, we, of course, must follow the fashion; and in doing so, we took into consideration the following points: First—*most* of the chromos given with papers are *worthless daubs*. Second—a chromo *in the sheet* is an *imposition upon the subscriber*, for the simple reason that to get a single chromo, of any size, mounted, varnished and ready for framing, costs the subscriber from *ninety cents* to *one dollar;* and no matter how *fine* a chromo it may be, it is worth nothing until it is *mounted and varnished;* and third—we felt confident that our subscribers would prefer to have a *good* chromo, in *good shape*, than to have a *miserable daub* of a picture, or even a good one unmounted. Upon these conditions we decided to buy, and have bought, the copyright of a really fine and beautiful chromo, such as would retail in the trade for about *five or six dollars*. We have it mounted in the best style, on *canvas* and *stretcher*, nicely varnished, and in every way complete, ready for framing.

DE SOTO;
Or, the Discovery of the Mississippi.

This magnificent picture, copied by SPECIAL permission of the Government from the celebrated painting in the dome of the National Capitol at Washington, has been made solely and expressly for subscribers to the SATURDAY EVENING POST. No one can possibly get it except they subscribe to this paper. The scene laid on the banks of this most wonderful of rivers at or near its junction with the Yazoo, a few miles above the site of the city of Vicksburg, is one full of interest and excitement. De Soto, the most prominent figure of the group, mounted on a fine white charger, handsomely caparisoned, is a noble-looking man of about fifty years of age, and is receiving the homage of the native Indians whom the Spaniards had conquered after a fierce, hard fight. They are offering De Soto and his followers presents of game, tobacco, rich tropical fruits, beautiful birds, and everything they can imagine the Spaniards would enjoy. De Soto is surrounded by his officers and aids, and in the distance is seen the wide, beautiful river. The picture is full of deep, rich color; in it we can see the tropical fruits and flowers, the birds of bright plumage, the rich dress of the Spaniards, and the brilliant ornaments of the natives. This is the largest Chromo ever given with a paper, being 19 by 25 inches.

"De Soto," says Mr. Irving, "was the first European who looked out upon the turbid waters of this magnificent river, and that event has more surely enrolled his name among those who will ever live in American history than if he had discovered mines of silver and gold."

This is a picture that WE are very proud of, and one that our agents will find immensely popular. It is especially appropriate this—our great **Centennial**—year, as it is intended to commemorate one of the most important events in the history of the American continent. A publisher of New York writes us as follows: "I have seen all the chromo premiums for this year in New York, Boston and Philadelphia, and unhesitatingly pronounce 'De Soto' the finest of the entire collection."

This magnificent work of art we now propose to give away to our subscribers. We have had them mounted on canvas and stretchers, sized, roughed and varnished, for which we make a charge of only 50 cents. But if subscribers insist on having them in the sheet, we can and will furnish them so, but it will cost 15 cents for postage, and then they are shipped at their risk. We would strongly advise all of our subscribers to get them mounted, as it is really a great saving of money and not so much danger of damage.

Judging by what our Agents are *now* doing, we feel fully justified in claiming that with our beautiful and attractive chromo, and really valuable *home paper*, the price of which is *within the reach of all*, A GOOD AGENT CAN TAKE MORE SUBSCRIPTIONS AND MAKE MORE MONEY THAN UPON ANY OTHER PAPER (OR BOOK) IN THE COUNTRY.

AGENTS' OUTFITS.

Our regular outfit for Agents includes: *one Framed Chromo;* sample copies of paper, Agent's Subscription Book, Envelopes, etc., etc., and will be sent on receipt of price, $3.00, or by express, C. O. D. (when twenty per cent, of the amount must be sent with order). Paper sent regularly as long as agency is continued.

OUR GOLD PREMIUMS TO AGENTS.

Each Agent is credited on our books with the name and number of every certificate issued on his or her order, and as a reward for, and incentive to, extra exertion, we will make a *present* of

One Hundred Dollars in Gold to the Agent who sends us the largest list:

For the second	50.00	in gold coin.	For the eleventh		10.00	in gold coin.
" third	20.00	"	" twelfth		5.00	"
" fourth	15.00	"	" thirteenth		5.00	"
" fifth	10.00	"	" fourteenth		5.00	"
" sixth	10.00	"	" fifteenth		5.00	"
" seventh	10.00	"	" sixteenth		5.00	"
" eighth	10.00	"	" seventeenth		5.00	"
" ninth	10.00	"	" eighteenth		5.00	"
" tenth	10.00	"	" nineteenth		5.00	"

For the twentieth list, $5.00 in gold coin, lists will close on March 1st, 1876.

Some of our Agents, who thoroughly understand the canvassing business, average about the same number each week, and generally, selling Frames, make by the combination of profits, at the rate of from two to five thousand dollars per year. When sub-agents are employed, receipts will be increased in proportion to the territory worked. The *whole country* is the field of operations, as our paper takes just as well in Maine and Texas as in Pennsylvania or Ohio.

TERMS—POSTAGE FREE:

Post for one year, - - - - - - - - - -	$3.00
" " with mounted Chromo, - - - - - - - -	3.50
" " " " " in 3 inch oiled walnut and gilt frame,	6.00
" " " " " polished walnut and gilt frame,	6.50

TRANSMITTING MONEY.—Send money, when possible, by "Post Office Order," which only costs five cents for sums of ten dollars and under. Ten cents for sums between ten and twenty dollars, and so on. "Registered Letter" is also a good way. Address distinctly, and make Money Orders, Drafts or Checks payable to

REED, WICKERSHAM & CO.,
Editors and Proprietors,
Philadelphia.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

BY WILLIAM SAWYER.

A playful, childlike, gay philosopher,
Who wreathed with poet-fancies homely truth,
Who with a word our deepest thoughts could stir,
He sleeps, beloved alike of age and youth.

Sermons in stones, and books in running brooks,
Nature had taught him; rock and tree and flower
For him had speech; and earth's untrodden nooks,
Barren to others, yielded him their dower.

Truth peeps from many a fairy tale with smiles,
And Wisdom in a frolic guise appears,
And childhood, with enchantment's spell, beguiles,
Unchecked, uncensured by maturer years.

In life's stern battle every raw recruit
May learn from his "Tin Soldier" useful lore—
That high philosophy hath borne good fruit,
Though wisdom never droller aspect wore.

A pure humanity pervades the quack
Of his quaint "Ugly Duckling," and each bird
That from the south in spring time wandered back
Sweet music brought him until then unheard.

To blend with poetry and common-sense,
To shock no ears, nor dim the purest eyes,
To see life's comic side without offence,
To teach us to be merry and be wise.

Such was a poet's lofty task—no less
A joy to children than to full-grown men;
His were great gifts, they make us love and bless
The honored name, Hans Christian Anderson.

INTREPIDITY OF DE SOTO.

De Soto was only nineteen years of age when he accompanied his patron, Don Pedro de Avila, on his expedition to America, as Governor of Darien, though in stature and character he was a mature man. Of humane and honorable instincts, he shrank from the deeds of cruelty and injustice which the Spanish adventurers were guilty of, and which he saw everywhere perpetrated around him.

Don Pedro was a monster of cruelty. He had given De Soto, young as he was, command of a troop of horse, and sent him on many expeditions which required not only great courage, but military sagacity, scarcely to be expected in one so young and inexperienced. It is, however, to the credit of De Soto that the historians of those days never mention his name in connection with any of those atrocities which disgraced the administration of Don Pedro. He even ventured at times to refuse obedience to the orders of the governor, when commanded to engage in some service which he deemed dishonorable.

One remarkable instance of this moral and physical intrepidity is worthy of being recorded. Don Pedro had determined upon the entire destruction of a little village occupied by the natives, and had issued a command that the torch was to be applied, and men, women and children put to the sword, with as much indifference as he would have placed his foot upon an ant-hill.

He sent one of his most infamous captains to De Soto, with orders that he should immediately take his troop of horse, proceed to the doomed village, gallop into its peaceful and defenceless street, set fire to every dwelling, and with their keen sabres, cut down every man, woman and child. It was a deed fit only for demons to execute. De Soto deemed himself insulted in receiving such a command. This was not war—it was simply butchery, as the defenceless could make no resistance. Indignantly and heroically he replied:

"Tell Don Pedro that my life and services are always at his disposal, when the duty to be performed is such as may become a Christian and a gentleman. But in the present case, I think the governor would have shown more discretion in entrusting you, Captain Perez, with such a commission, instead of sending it by you to myself."

This reply Captain Perez might have taken as it was evidently intended by De Soto, to reflect very severely upon his own character, but instead of resenting it, he carried the message to the governor, who, seeing a duel must be the necessary result, was highly gratified.

Captain Perez was a veteran soldier, the most expert swordsman in the army, and being of a quarrelsome disposition, had already fought many duels, in which he invariably killed his man. In a rencontre between the youthful De Soto and the veteran Captain Perez, there could be no doubt in the mind of Don Pedro as to the result. He, therefore, smiled very blandly on Captain Perez, and said:

"Well, my friend, if you, who are a veteran soldier, can endure the insolence of this young man, De Soto, I see no reason why an infirm old man like myself should be obliged to resent it."

Captain Perez was not at all reluctant to take the hint so adroitly thrown out, as it would give him an opportunity to add another name to the list of those who had already fallen before his sword. The challenge was immediately given, and De Soto's doom was deemed sealed. Duels in the Spanish army were fashionable, and there was no moral sentiment which recoiled in the slightest degree from the barbarous practice.

The two combatants met with drawn swords in the presence of nearly all the officers of the Spanish army, and of a vast concourse of spectators. The stripling De Soto displayed skill with his weapon, which not only baffled his veteran opponent, but which excited the surprise and admiration of all the onlookers.

For two hours the deadly conflict continued without any decisive result. De Soto had received several trifling wounds, while his antagonist was unharmed. At length, by a fortunate blow, he inflicted such a gash upon the right wrist of Perez, that his sword dropped from his hand. As he attempted to catch it with his left hand, he stumbled and fell to the ground. De Soto instantly stood over him with his sword at his breast, demanding that he should beg for his life. The proud duellist, then for the first time in his life discomfited, was chagrined beyond endurance, and in sullen silence, refused to cry for mercy. De Soto magnanimously returned his sword to its scabbard, saying, "The life that is not worth asking for is not worth taking."

He then gracefully bowed to the numerous spectators and retired from the field, greeted with the enthusiastic acclamations of all who were present.

This achievement gave the youthful victor prominence above any other man in the army.

Perez was so humiliated by his defeat that he threw up his commission and returned to Spain.

Then the NEW WORLD was rid of one of the vilest adventurers who had then cursed it.

HOUSEHOLD FANCY WORK.

It is a great duty, as well as a great pleasure, to brighten up and beautify our homes as much as possible with things useful and ornamental. Now some one may say, "It is well enough for those with plenty of money to say that; as for me, I have other ways to spend mine, although I like to see pretty things as well as any one, if I could only afford them." Now just stop a minute and think. How a few simple things, that cost next to nothing except the time, and a very little time, too, it takes to fix them, how they brighten even the dullest room, and cheer and shorten the darkest winter days.

We will give our readers a description of some ornamental articles which are easy to make, and the materials for making them inexpensive and to be had for the mere picking up. First we will show how to make frames for pictures, comb cases, brackets, etc., of arbor-vitæ cones, or pine and spruce cones, acorns, nuts and burrs.

Cut heavy cardboard in strips the width and size you wish your frames, or make them oval; pick the large cones apart, leaving the small ends two inches; soak in warm water the cones picked apart, or they will split when sewing; sew them on your frame all around the out and inside, projecting over the edge far enough to hide the cardboard; if the frame is wide, two rows look better. Then use your ends of the cones, burrs, etc., for the corners and centres, arranging in clusters to suit the taste. Comb cases and brackets are pretty covered in nearly the same way, and, varnished, adds greatly to their beauty.

The following is a description of the way a very pretty whatnot was made, and we would advise some of our readers to try their hand at making one after these directions: Have in readiness three thin planks for shelves, card, empty spools, cardboard, needles, thread and varnish. Now, saw the planks, so that they will be rounded at the corners; bore holes, two in the ends of each plank, two inches from the ends and some inches apart. The planks should all be of the same length, fourteen inches, and of different widths; the widest, lower one, eight inches, the middle seven inches, and upper six inches wide. Paper them smoothly with fancy, small figured wall paper. While they are drying, stain your spools with logwood, having ten No. 30 and twenty No. 50 spools; cut your cardboard in three strips, seven inches wide; one twenty-nine inches long, one twenty-seven, and one twenty-five. Lay a paper pattern upon them and trace the scollops, making three large ones, and subdividing these into five smaller ones around the edge of each large one, and having small ones of the same size around the upper edge, for the larger are at the lower edge of the cardboard. Now the pine cone scales are sewed thickly all over the upper scollops, and two rows around the edge of the others; in the centre of the small ones that surround the large scollops, sew the round ends of the cones. Finish filling the empty space that was left with white spruce cones, putting them on whole, with the small ends up, arranging them as your fancy and taste dictate. Proceed in this manner with each of the three strips of cardboard, then varnish all, and let them dry, and then varnish again. After drying again tack them on their respective shelves, allowing the small scollops to be above, and the large ones below, each shelf. Then take your cord and tie knots at the ends; after putting them through the four holes in the lower shelf, string on of No. 30 spools four on each cord; above the middle shelf string on the No. 50 spools, five on each cord, then add the upper shelf and put a blue tassel to the ends of your cord, and the work is done. There it hangs, a perfect "thing of beauty," only needing a fresh coat of varnish at the spring cleaning to make it a "joy forever."

In the bright, pleasant days, how little trouble it is to gather some bright leaves and select some perfect specimens from them. Woodbine, sumach, blackberry, rose, rock, maple, and many others are lovely. Then take a warm—not too hot—flatiron and on it rub some resin, and iron out the leaves, and we think the result will satisfy you if you have any taste for the beautiful. Another excellent way is to oil the leaves in linseed oil and let them dry. They are so pretty for vases and to put over pictures, and to arrange in bouquet form on bristolboard; then take a piece of glass—say six inches long and five wide—and place the leaves under the glass, and cut the cardboard the size of the glass, then fasten the corners with mucilage, the same as you fasten the leaves on the card. Then cut a strip of dark brown or gilt paper about an inch wide and bind it over both edges to look like a frame, and you have some pretty mantel or bracket ornaments.

Another way to make pretty frames for photographs or pictures cut from magazines is this: Take some cigar lighters as they are called, dampen them slightly, and cut them the required length, and sew a row of them on the pictures around the edge, letting about two inches of the sticks project from the corners; then sew on another row, leaving just space enough between the two rows of sticks to see the paper; then cut two pieces of the lighters for the corners and sew on and cross; cut the ends off in notches, and sew on either black or steel beads in little stars or crosses on the corners to hide the stitches, and at intervals at the sides and top and bottom. There are all colors, but the dark and light are prettiest.

Cut some perforated card five inches long by four wide, work a pretty pattern on each side, make a little bag, and fill with heliotrope or any perfume powder, and place between the cardboard; plait some ribbon the same color as the pattern on the board (about an inch-wide lutestring ribbon, bright red or blue, is pretty), and sew the ribbon on one side; place the two pieces of card together, and leave a loop to hang it up; this is very pretty indeed.

Take some pieces of straw braid, and sew two or three rows around some small pictures; they make odd little frames; finish at the corners with rosettes made of straw.

Little baskets are pretty made of pasteboard and covered with gray moss and filled with evergreen and bright berries or autumn leaves; or they are very pretty ornaments to cover the baskets with shells and fill with the same or pretty little stones.

PERSONALITIES.

CHARLES JOSEPH BONAPARTE, one of the Baltimore Patterson-Bonapartes, was married at Newport on the 1st ultimo, to Miss Ellen Day.

GRACE GREENWOOD, who appeared on one or two evenings with some California recitations in Egyptian Hall, London, has gone to Brussels.

THE Prince of Wales will be invested with the Grand Cross of the Star of India during his stay in that country, but that is not as exciting as shooting tigers.

A "PERSONALLY conducted party" left New York September 13, to go round the world, by way of San Francisco. Time, seven months; price, $1,625.

SPURGEON is described as "burly, almost gross, intensely magnetic, an apostle of the people to the people." He seems clear-headed, tender-hearted, and pure-souled.

GENERAL IMBODEN, of Virginia, has issued an eloquent and stirring address to the people of that State calling upon them to make united efforts for a proper and fitting representation of the "Old Dominion" at the Centennial celebration in 1876.

THE wife and daughters of Sir Edward Thornton, who have been in Europe for several months, arrived in the Cunard steamer Scythia recently, and are at the Clarendon. The Misses Thornton will make their *debut* in Washington society next winter.

RICHARD H. DANA, born in 1787, is now a white-haired, venerable old poet of eighty-eight, or will be if he lives until next November. His house is in a singularly wild, lonely, and picturesque place, and he loves to sit on his piazza and watch the ships at sea.

THE late Horace Greeley is buried in Greenwood Cemetery, Brooklyn, a plain slab with the name and the dates of birth and death, marking his grave. The latter has just been surrounded by an arbor vitæ hedge, forming an enclosure fifteen feet in diameter, within which scraggy rose bushes are planted.

MISS LUCK was pronounced the best and most expeditious cook at the late Cincinnati Fair. The facts upon which the award was made were as follows: In thirty minutes Miss Luck cooked, and cooked well, potatoes, chicken, porter-house steak, tomatoes and corn, and made coffee, tea, pie and biscuit, and set the table in the neatest style.

GRACE GREENWOOD, peeping at the Prime Minister of England from the Speaker's gallery in the "'Ouse of Commons," says of Disraeli: "He is sadly changed—he looks careless and melancholy, jaded and Judaical. His curls have lost their hyacinthian character—have straightened with the weight of years. There is no trace left of 'Vivian Grey,' and little of 'Lothair.'"

A NOVEL entertainment was recently given at Cape May by Rev. Dr. Newman, ex-chaplain of the United States Senate. A complete Japanese tea set was spread on the floor, and the guests sat round in the Japanese custom. Four ladies were attired in elaborate Japanese costumes, and tea of the superior quality that is only used by the Emperor and Mandarins was served in dainty Japanese cups. The tea had been brought from Japan by Dr. Newman.

CENTENNIAL NEWS.

THE progress which telegraphy has made will be illustrated by an exhibition of telegraphic instruments and processes, the like of which has never been seen on either hemisphere.

A BRIGADE of Tennessee's citizen soldiery will visit the Centennial in a body. Among them will be the Dickinson Light Guards and the O'Connor Zouaves, both equal to most of the crack companies of other States.

CLOCK manufacturers from east and west have been prompt in their applications, and the time at the Machinery Building will be told on twenty-five widely-separated dials by a single electric clock, to be sent by a company from Connecticut.

MANY of the States will contribute to the Department of Forestry specimens of all their woods. Ohio, for example, has decided to send in ornamental form a collection of 60 varieties. California will send a pyramid of cones from the different cone bearing trees of her territory on the Pacific coast—the red-wood, the pine, the cedar and the rest. Foreign specimens are also expected; a fine collection of forest trees has been partly promised from Australia.

THE live stock display is intended to take place within the months of September and October, 1876, the periods devoted to each class and family being 15 days, and the division as follows: Horses, mules, and asses (as one class) from September 1 to 15; horned cattle (of all varieties) from September 20 to October 5; sheep, swine and goats, (as one class) from October 10 to 25. Poultry will be exhibited as a permanent and also as a temporary show, the first commencing at the opening of the exhibition, and the latter from October 25 to November 10.

SURROUNDING the Centennial grounds four or five miles of railroad are to be constructed, a dozen covered freight platforms built and equipped, a telegraph line put up, 160,000 square feet of storage sheds erected, and surrounded with a substantial fence, powerful cranes and derricks of various kinds purchased, and several hundred trucks built. The work is to be done principally during the winter months. Each package received will have to be handled eighteen times, and it is believed that the work can be done for the same price as it was at the Vienna Exposition—from 30 to 80 cents per pound.

THE WORKINGMEN OF FRANCE AND ENGLAND.—A telegram recently received indicates that there will be a large representation of the various trades-unions and workingmen's societies over here next year. They come for the purpose of making a careful study of all that we have accomplished in the past century and then preparing reports upon the same. England is adopting the same course, and in addition scientific experts will be selected to treat upon such subjects as they are familiar with. The reports made at former exhibitions by these various organizations have been productive of great good, increasing the demand for our manufactures and inventions, and it is most certainly the duty as well as the interest of every American citizen to see that there shall be no deficiency next year.

A BIRD GHOST STORY.

BY MARGERY LAIRD.

"Where is my little pretty? my dear speckled baby? my sweet yellow birdling with the spots on his breast?" cried silly Mother Featherlegs, flying up and down and about in her gilded cage, ruffling all her downy plumage against the bars. The mocking sunshine smiled on without sympathy, the three wee canaries in the bottom of the cage winked their bright eyes, and then went to sleep, but the great gray cat curled up on the window-sill looked very knowing indeed, for he was in all the family secrets, and heard a great deal more than he would tell.

Upstairs in a tiny room like a bird-cage, all hung with pictures and curtained in snowy muslin, a pale young girl bent her brown head tenderly over a small frightened bunch of yellow feathers, and patted and smoothed it out with her thin hand; so after awhile poor Speckled Breast took heart of grace and peeped timidly out through the white prison of her fingers, then seeing the kind, pretty face, gave a feeble chirp.

"Oh, you dear, darling canary!" cried the girl, brightly; "I am so glad mamma gave you to me for my own. I will buy a cage all blue and silver, and feed you every day on chocolate bonbons—you sweet, pretty bird!"

But in spite of his grandeur Birdie was not happy; he was lonely without the little yellow brothers and sisters, and could not eat the sugared poison that his young mistress dropped through the bars. A little bird seed and a cup of cold water was all he ever wanted, and he pined sadly for poor, fat, silly Mother Featherlegs, who still bewailed the early loss of her dear spotted child.

Poor Speckled Breast pined and pined and sat all day drooping in the corner of his silver cage; but, one day—one dull, rainy day, when the white curtains were drawn tightly over the windows of the room—a jeweled hand opened the cage door and gently laid another bunch of ruffled plumage on the clean floor. Speckled Breast eyed it curiously; a pretty yellow head was raised timidly; a dainty bill opened as if for some word of canary speech. My lady shook herself all over, and then looked anxiously from Mr. Speckled Breast to the cup of seed. Of course he graciously invited her to dinner, and in an hour they were the best of friends.

The little mistress heard sweet, sweet singing from that day forward, and Speckled Breast never drooped or pined for Mother Featherlegs again. After awhile there were four eggs in the nest in the corner, and Mrs. Speckled Breast in her night cap and with an air of great importance, while her gay little mate sang to her all day long.

But, alas! one morning, the pale young mistress, looking in through the silver bars, saw the wee wife and mother lying across her nest cold and dead. Perhaps her stomach was delicate, and her food disagreed with her; perhaps she had taken cold—at any rate she was dead, and the small yellow widower was fluttering distractedly about the limp and lifeless corpse.

Speckled Breast could not live alone in his desolate home, and indeed the little mistress was too much grieved at the loss of her favorite to give him another mate, so back he was sent to the large bird cages below, and the four eggs and the small nest with him, and the silver cage hung empty on the wall.

"Dear, dear! they have taken away my daughter!" once again cried Mother Featherlegs, who had raised several fine families since she bewailed Speckled Breast; "and just, too, when she was getting of an age to help me about the house," quoth poor old Mother Featherlegs, who had heard a deal of nonsense from the young folks of the family.

But her daughter was married happily and spending her honeymoon in the pretty blue and silver cage in the room at the head of the stairs.

One night she waked up, startled by some slight noise, but she lay quite still, with her head under her wing, waiting for a manly chirp to let her know that Dick was restless and taking a midnight stroll. You see, she knew he must be near her, as he had not a night key! But when at last she turned, there was Dick with his head under his wing, and the night lamp was burning with a queer blue light. The odd sound she had heard at first was repeated; it was a faint grating chirp like nothing exactly, and there on a spectral nest sat a ghostly canary, with a yellow night cap on her yellow head, and four little eggs gleaming under her breast! There she sat and stared with eyes like black flames, until the poor little bird-bride fell off her perch in a swoon, and it is a wonder she didn't break her neck!

When she came to herself Dick was sprinkling water over her from his bill, and the nest and eggs and canary were gone. The young girl found her bird in the morning, crouching, sickly and ruffled, in the farthest corner of the cage. She would neither eat nor drink, and at last had to be taken back to her mother, and they gave Dick another mate, only to find her lying cold and trembling one early morning, almost dead with fright!

Mamma tried first one couple and then another, birds from the aviary, from the neighbors, from the bird fanciers, and all with the same result. The poor little lady canaries all saw ghostly Mrs. Speckled Breast in her fluted cap, saw the phantasmal nest, the shadowy eggs and the light burning blue, and were all found shivering and scared out of their small wits when morning came. One or two of the most chicken-hearted died outright, and mamma used to say that poor Dick was a regular Bluebeard among birds, which was as much justice as people get either in this or the bird world!

At last Dick died himself one fine day of a surfeit of "canary bird food," and the little mistress, entirely discouraged, gave up trying to keep canaries, and turned her attention to a rose garden in the window. The blue silver cage was taken down and carried away, and whether it is still haunted by its spectral visitant is more than I know. The little bird that whispered all this in my ear could not say.

THE HORIZON.

BY S. WADDINGTON.

I sit on the sands by the sea,
While the tired tides wearily flow,
And the waves seem to whisper to me
Strange truths that I know not, or know.
The lore of past ages they bring,
As they break on the shore at my feet,
And the finite and infinite meet
In the words of the song that they sing:
If the universe be but One,
And the bloom be one with the tree,
Though the day that has been is done,
The thing that has been shall be.

I gaze o'er the watery plain,
Till the heavens drop down to the sea;
And I cry as I gaze thus in vain
At what is not but seemeth to be:
Ah, local and limited man!
Ever longing to travel through space,
Yet fastened and fixed in one place,
Running forward the length of a span.
Though each part with the whole be one,
Yet men must patiently wait;
Though the day that has been is done,
They must labor both early and late.

Still in vain do we struggle to pass
The horizon that limits our sight:
But darkly to-day through a glass
We see, and soon cometh the night:
And what in the future shall be,
And what in the past may have been,
Ere the sun and the sunlight were seen,
Lie far on the infinite sea:
While the whispering waves sing on—
If the bloom be one with the tree,
Though the day that has been is done,
The thing that has been shall be.

THE LOST DIAMOND.

By MRS. MARGARET HOSMER,

Author of "Mystery of the Reef," "The White Girl of the Ridge," Etc.

CHAPTER VI.

AN ADVENTURE.

As Norah cowered wearily in her shelter, a deadly languor stole over her, and a feeling of hopeless resignation to fate, that was most dangerous in the sharp and bitter night air.

"If I could beg some good Christian to give mother and Rhoda some fire and food, it would not matter about me," she thought. "I don't believe I am either hungry or cold; I am only terribly tired, and I want to lie down and sleep."

She yielded to the heaviness that pressed upon her brain, and let her head lie on the cold stone beside her; but presently the recollection of her mother and Rhoda again forced itself into her mind, and she roused herself and looked around her wearily.

"I used to think I had rather starve than beg," she thought, "but this will be for their sakes, because I don't need food for myself."

She rose, and from weakness staggered on her feet, but clung to the marble balustrade for support. Two gentlemen came by, arm in arm, talking merrily together, and she tried to find courage to address them with a prayer for alms, but failed, for her voice died in her throat, and they passed on leaving her unobserved.

Next came a lady with a boy at her side, both hurrying on their way homeward; the boy talking eagerly of his Christmas presents, and the gay times he was to have in his holidays.

With a strong effort she forced herself forward and stretched out her hand appealingly; the boy drew back, her appearance had startled him.

"It's a beggar girl, mamma," he said, recovering himself, "and if I had not spent my money for those candies I'd give her some."

"I have no change," said his mother, and they went on without stopping.

A score of people passed again before Norah's shaken courage revived.

"Mother and Rhoda!" was the thought that inspired her, and once more she tried.

An elderly gentleman, walking briskly on alone, turned absently, as her low entreaty reached his ear, looked at her without appearing to see her, and also passed by.

Then she shrunk back out of the way, and the impulse to lie down and rest came over her almost uncontrolably.

Great lights flashed dazzlingly in the windows about the Colonnade; it was night now, and the grand rooms were brilliant with light.

She saw through the rich lace of the curtains the outline of splendid mirrors and fine pictures upon the walls, and the brightness and grandeur of wealth within seemed to gleam upon her as she stood dying of cold and want outside.

A small and elegant carriage drew close to the sidewalk, just before the door.

She gathered herself up from the step upon which she had sunk in her weakness, and tried to take herself out of the way, when the coachman, throwing his lines loosely on his box, sprang down to open the carriage door.

One foot was on the step, the other in the air, when a vehicle dashing suddenly round the corner, started the horses so that they reared and threw the man on his face.

In an instant all Norah's languor and weakness vanished, and she was strong, quick and courageous as she had ever been in her life.

Her sight came to her preternaturally keen, and she saw in one glance the falling reins, the frightened horses, the face of a terrified lady at the carriage window, and the sprawling figure of the coachman on the ground.

As she took in the danger, she bounded forward, caught the trailing lines, and with a strength that lasted but a moment, pulled back on them so as to check the unruly beasts.

It was all that was needed; before they could plunge or rear again, the half-stunned man was on his feet and grasping the reins; and a gentleman, running briskly down the steps of the house, opened the carriage door and extricated the lady.

"There, Alfred; pray do not mind me. I was alarmed at first, I confess; but it's all over now. See to that wonderful girl that rushed out of the darkness like our guardian angel. She has fainted, or is hurt, I fear; let Hollis carry her into the house."

The lady's voice, like her manner and movements, was quick and decided, betraying more character than sweetness, and more force than tenderness.

She was still young, and but for an intense pallor and almost stern expression of countenance, would have been remarkably handsome, but her lips, beautifully shaped as they were, had an inflexible set, and her large and brilliant eyes were all too cold and steady in their gaze as she looked at you.

The gentleman she had addressed was little over twenty, bright, good-humored, and very good looking.

He was joined by a man-servant, whom his mistress directed to attend to the fallen girl, but before Hollis could reach her, he had already lifted from the ground and borne her up the long marble steps into the house.

"Cousin Evelyn, this young person is ominously light," he said, in a low tone, to the lady who followed close at his side; "she is also wretchedly clad, and had best be taken into a warm room, for if I know anything of my profession, she has swooned through weakness caused by want and actual bodily suffering."

"In here, then, please," cried the lady, eagerly, opening a door at the head of the first flight of stairs. "Lay her on this lounge, nearer the grate. Oh, Alfred, can it be that worthy people suffer such pangs as cold and hunger? I mean people who have not, by their own evil ways, reduced themselves to such a pass!"

"To be sure there are, and always will be, so long as there's such a thing as misfortune in the world," exclaimed the gentleman, hurriedly, preparing some cordial in a goblet, while his cousin divested Norah's unconscious figure of its shawl and hood.

"Raise her head, Evelyn," said the young doctor, turning round with his prepared draught; "we must have her swallow this, and then chafe her poor, lifeless hands, that seem as if there were not a spark of vital heat left in them."

"This girl is wonderfully beautiful," said the lady, in a low tone; "poverty, cold or hunger cannot disguise that. See, she opens her eyes; pray, stand aside, and let me speak to her."

The young gentleman, still lingering with a gaze of unequivocal admiration, the lady repeated her wish in a tone so decided that he could not choose but obey it, adding, in a low voice:

"You are too young, Alfred, to act the physician in this case; that your own good sense tells you. Leave me the drink, and I will give it to her, while you go and send old Barbara to me, that is my own good cousin."

It was evident that Miss Evelyn St. Croix, for that was the lady's full name, was all unused to cavil or objection when her will was spoken; and though her young cousin, Alfred Falconer, looked disappointed and even vexed, he yielded without a word of remonstrance, and, leaving the room, summoned Barbara, Miss St. Croix's oldest and most confidential servant, to her aid.

Meantime, the two being alone together, Norah again opened her eyes, and gazed blankly on the new faces and luxurious appliances of wealth by which she was surrounded.

The lady bent over her kindly, and took her hand gently in her own.

"You are among friends, my poor girl," she said, reassuringly. "You were able to do me a great service, for which you will find me very grateful. Drink this wine, please, and then you can rest awhile."

Norah made an effort to rise, looked with bewildered and speechless thankfulness at Miss St. Croix, and having drained the refreshing cordial, fell back, murmuring faintly:

"My mother and Rhoda—I must get them something to eat, or they will die!"

CHAPTER VII.

A NEW LIFE.

Miss St. Croix was her own mistress, and with her quick, untrammeled mind, to resolve was to act.

Only one instant did she stand gazing thoughtfully on the pallid face of the fainting Norah, the next she bent over her, and raising her head supported it kindly on her arm.

"Look at me, my dear, and tell me if you can trust me," she said, in her usual distinct, resolute tone. "I mean to be your friend, and, to help me to serve those you love, you must tell all you can about yourself and them, in a very few words. Where are your mother and Rhoda?"

Norah revived at the question, and sat upright, pushing back her rich, damp curls from her fair brow, and looking with pleading eagerness into the lady's face.

"Will you help us?" she exclaimed, anxiously; "will you save them from starving until I can work for them myself! Oh, heaven bless you, noble lady. I was afraid that they must die, for though I even begged for them, no one would pity me!"

Then in a few hurried words she directed her kind patroness where to find her mother and sister, and after vainly endeavoring to stand on her own feet, in her anxiety to go to them herself, she sank back again upon the luxurious couch on which she had been resting, and lay quite still in the exhaustion following too great nervous excitement.

"Come, now, Barbara," said Miss St. Croix to her maid, "I shall need your best energies in this business, and rely on you to conduct it for me with all possible dispatch, as it is evident from what the poor girl says there is no time to be lost, if we mean to save the poor woman and her daughter. You know the house on Elm street; it is small, thoroughly furnished, and in perfect order. The fires are all ready to be lighted, and I will have a basket of food conveyed there, and the rooms warmed, as soon as you can arrive with your charges. Take the close green carriage, and go to this miserable alley; carry wrappings and wine and biscuits with you, for they are likely to need all they can get on the instant. Prove to the poor creatures that you are come in good faith and friendship, and give me the satisfaction of knowing they are safe and comfortable as soon as possible."

"I will," said Barbara. It was all she said, but to her mistress it appeared to be quite sufficient, for Miss St. Croix moved away with a satisfied gesture, and sat down beside Norah's couch.

Exhausted nature was struggling powerfully with the poor girl's still anxious thoughts, and fast gaining the mastery over them. Oblivion had almost shrouded her senses, but still her ear had caught the sound of Miss St. Croix's benevolent orders, and she tried to smile her gratitude as that lady bent over her.

It was a last effort; her heavy eyelids fell like darkly fringed curtains over her luminous eyes, and the poor overtaxed child sunk into a deep, dreamless slumber.

When she awoke fully and clearly to consciousness, it was broad, clear, sunshiny day.

She could scarcely believe her senses when she saw the warm, luxurious chamber in which she lay, and beheld the kind eyes of the lady, who had seemed like a dream of the night before, bent on her with earnest interest.

"You are rested, and will be much better and stronger when you have breakfasted, child," said Miss St. Croix, in her stern and somewhat abrupt manner. "See, here are some clothes for you to put on; they may not be entirely suitable, but they are the best I could get for you on so short a notice. By and by we will do better, but dress now. Barbara is waiting to take you to breakfast, and then we will go and see how your mother and sister look by daylight."

Quite overcome by such a host of favors, Norah could only falter her heartfelt gratitude in broken words, and hasten to obey her munificent benefactress.

When she issued from the small bathing and dressing-room, to which Miss St. Croix directed her, even that lady, who had been from the first much struck with the great personal beauty of her young *protege*, was forced to wonder at the wonderful change wrought in her appearance by the improvement in her dress, and to confess that she had never looked on a purer or more lovely face than that of the young girl.

Barbara's stolid gravity relaxed into surprise and involuntary admiration as she came to conduct her to her own small breakfast-room. She had scarcely glanced at her the night before, but now her beauty demanded attention, and even Barbara could not resist its influence.

"She is no doubt vain and frivolous, perhaps even wicked, with such a handsome exterior," thought the censorious waiting-woman, shaking her head and pursing her lips severely.

She was a worthy and energetic woman, invaluable to her mistress for her business ability and executive powers; but her religion was of the severe and rigid type, and led her to suspect all that were gay and attractive of hidden sin.

But Norah was so amiable and modest in her demeanor that she soon disarmed her companion's severity, and won her kindness—so that when Miss St. Croix summoned Barbara at the conclusion of their morning meal, she gave an excellent report of her young charge.

"She seems free from vanity, and very grateful and sensible, Miss Evelyn," she said, "and I think the family's misfortunes came through sickness rather than any bad actions of their own."

"I'm glad to hear that, Barbara," said her mistress; "but come with us, I am going to Elm street to make a proposal to these people. See that Norah is ready, and be quick."

Knowing her mistress' somewhat impatient humor, Barbara lost no time in joining her at the door of the green carriage, into which she motioned Norah to enter, and then followed herself.

Elm street was in a quiet, decent neighborhood, and the house before which they paused was a clean and fresh looking one of comfortable though unpretending exterior.

When Rhoda answered Barbara's ring at the door, she was clad in a tidy and suitable dress, with a nice white apron and collar. Her face shone with pleasure, and at sight of Norah she gave a happy and exultant laugh.

"Oh, isn't it splendid," she whispered, unable to repress her joy, "isn't it perfectly grand, Norah! Only I'm afraid I shall wake up and find it all a dream, and be cold and hungry again in the horrible old shanty where we were yesterday."

"Where's mother?" cried her sister, for the moment forgetting everything but her eagerness to see her sick parent.

"Come and see," responded Rhoda, and ran before her into a nice tidy sitting-room where a good fire was burning in a highly polished stove, and Mrs. Eldrige, in a warm gown and fresh cap, was seated in a chintz cushioned chair with a cup of tea and some inviting-looking rusk on a plate beside her.

"Oh, mother, mother!" was all Norah could utter in her thankful joy, as she flung herself into her arms, while poor, weak Mrs. Eldrige bowed her own head and wept in the same grateful emotion upon her shoulder.

But soon perceiving the presence of the strange lady and her attendant, she checked her tears and endeavored to rise.

"Sit still, my friend," said Miss St. Croix, kindly, "there is no occasion for ceremony with me. I made your daughter's acquaintance last evening without introduction, and am quite convinced that to her intrepidity and presence of mind I owe my safety, perhaps my life. Barbara has told you all about it, however, so we won't speak further on the subject now. What I want to know is just how I can best serve you and yours in payment of the debt I then incurred, and it seems, to begin with, that you need a physician's care."

"Oh, no, indeed, ma'am; I shall soon be well now that we have food to eat and shelter to cover us," said Mrs. Eldrige, earnestly. "Very shortly I expect to be able to work as well as the girls, and we need hardly tell you, dear lady, how glad we shall be to do our best to prove that we are honest and industrious, and ever grateful to you for saving us from the miserable state in which your timely goodness discovered us last night."

Miss St. Croix raised her hands deprecatingly.

"Please remember that I owe your daughter more than I shall try to repay," she said, quietly, "and now to business. I like to understand everything clearly, and prevent the possibility of after misunderstanding. It was once my nature to trust, but bitter experience has taught me to doubt, therefore I have learned the habit of relying implicitly on no one, nor forming any associations that I expect to be lasting. I am in possession of considerable wealth, and well able to gratify my whims—if you choose to look on them as such—I claim no higher title for them. Listen, and understand me. I confess to being deeply interested in your daughter Norah, and for her sake I have brought you here and now offer you this house as your home with very reasonable provision for your comfort. When you are able to work, I will procure you remunerative employment, and still give you the use of this dwelling and all it contains. As for Norah here, I desire to have her with me constantly in the capacity of a companion. She can see you occasionally, but she must live with me and assimilate her interests and pleasures with mine. How long this arrangement will last I cannot tell. I have no control over my fancies, and this one may be jarred and broken like a fragile thread by a thousand chances any day.

"Two essentials to steadfast affection are ever wanting in humanity, and when I suspect or discover their absence in the object of my regard, the spell snaps like a brittle cord. Trust and honor do not belong to mortals, and when I find that Norah shares the common curse of falsehood and deceit, the dream that now enchains my fancy to her will perish, and I shall dissolve the compact I now make between us."

"O, Miss St. Croix," exclaimed the girl, eagerly, "if you mean to suspect that I could ever be guilty of acting falsely or dishonorably towards you, you do me great injustice. You have saved us all from the jaws of death, and I never could forget what I owe you, even if I were the basest and most unworthy of human creatures!"

The lady waved her hand impatiently.

"No protestations, or I shall lose all hope of you," she said. Then turning to Mrs. Eldrige, who looked somewhat bewildered by her speech and manner, she asked:

"Is it agreed, am I to have your daughter?"

"Of course, ma'am; anything you say we can only gratefully assent to," answered the good woman; "but I am sure you will never need to part with Norah on account of her being either false or deceiving. She's true and pure as gold itself."

"I hope so," responded Miss St. Croix, briefly, and then changing her tone she began to arrange for the comfort and improvement of the poor woman's health, and the future employment of Rhoda at a fashionable millinery establishment, where she could learn the trade thoroughly, and become an accomplished workwoman.

"Norah I will educate so that she, too, may have a dependence by-and-bye," she said in conclusion. "As for you, my good woman," she added, turning to Mrs. Eldrige, "you shall never want, come what will; though I will not bind myself for the future, I will assure you of that much at least."

So saying the strange lady motioned to her new favorite to take leave of her mother and sister, saying:

"Now we understand each other our relations commence from this moment, and you and I are bound to each other—at least for the present."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SLUMS.

The Slums was a rotten row of tumble-down frames in one of the vilest neighborhoods of the city. The corner one was the least dilapidated, and boasted a door that opened without falling in, a window with several panes of glass in it, and a sort of counter, behind which stood a brandy cask, several beer kegs, and a few green and bloated looking decanters containing spirits.

Bundles of dried herbs and packages of hops and hoarhound lay loosely on the dingy shelves that crossed the window, and seemed to intimate that the trade of Mother Webb, the wrinkled old harridan who presided over the establishment, had some other branch than the retailing of spirits and keeping lodgers and boarders, but no decent person ever went to the Slums to purchase anything; the place had a bad name, and was reported to be a sink of iniquity, avoided even by the denizens of that rather unscrupulous quarter where it was situated.

On the night following the disappearance of the Eldrige family from their wretched shanty back of Graff's lane, Matt Brice returned from a protracted ramble to Mother Webb's den, and by his lowering brow and the gruff curse he uttered in answer to her short salutation, showed that he was in a specially ill-humor.

"What's up?" she inquired, authoritatively; "what do you mean by growling like that when you're spoken to decently?"

"I'm in bad luck," muttered Matt, deprecatingly; "don't be sharp on a fellow when he's down, mammy."

"What's up?" she repeated, sharply. "Is the captain playing you false, sonny; if so, I'm glad of it, for you've both tried to get on without me, and you can't do it, you see."

"It is not that," said Brice, slowly. He knitted his brows and seemed to consider his words as he uttered them, being loath to trust the old woman with his secrets, and thus lessen their value.

"What is it, then?" she demanded, with increasing asperity. "You're trying to bluff me, I see, because you're afraid I shall cry halves in your game, whatever it is."

"No I ain't," returned Matt, quickly. He had concluded in his own mind to tell her his trouble. "She can help me, and she hates the captain too much to split on me," he thought.

Speaking aloud, he said:

"I'm in search of a girl who has given me the slip. She's a real sharper, and would be a gem in our trade. Yesterday I nearly had her in my fingers, and to-day she's disappeared clean off the stage, and not left a track behind her."

Mother Webb laughed sneeringly.

"You wouldn't have told me this only you needed me to look her up, Matt," she said; "O, I see through your tricks easy enough, my honey; and I'm half a mind to pay you back in your own sly way. But I won't; I'll help you, though you don't deserve it, so tell me all about the brat, and I'll find her for you."

"What's that lying in the corner?" Matt inquired, looking cautiously around before he spoke again, and espying a ragged little heap near the stove.

"That's poor Moll," said the old woman, glancing towards her; "she's sound asleep, and wouldn't hear you if she wasn't. She's been on the begging lay this afternoon, and though she's precious sharp at all kinds of tricks, she gets stupid with the cold and exposure when she's out on a long beat. You see she has to go half naked to excite feelings of compassion and draw out the pennies," said the old hag as she chuckled admiringly over her young pupil's prowess in her calling.

To further assure himself of the girl's unconsciousness, Matt administered her prostrate form a sharp kick, which only elicited an angry grunt and a shuffling movement from her.

"She's all right, you see," said Mother Webb; "and now who is this young 'un you're after, Matt? Give me a clue to her, and I'll fish her up for you if she was under the seas. It's what I was trained to do. When I was a little brat, and could scarcely tell my name, I've been sent to sneak after game that the older ones was a-tracking, and I never missed a single scent. Oh, I'm sharp, I tell you, and you're sure of coming all right, if you only trust to me."

She winked and nodded voluminously as she said this, and Brice began to confide to her, with evident reluctance, a condensed account of the Eldrige family, withholding his reasons for tracing them, and only admitting that the girl with the yellow hair was the one he was after.

"Yellow hair," repeated Mother Webb, thoughtfully, "and you say that the sister's dark and the mother's dark; humph!"

She drew her little eyes into an ugly wink, and leered at Matt knowingly; had she looked down on the floor in the corner by the stove she would have seen that Moll Patchel's orbs were gleaming like a ferret's through her tangled hair, and fixed, first on Matt's face then on the old woman's, with a searching gaze that betokened strong interest in the conversation.

"If you mean that the girl I'm after isn't a common one, you're right, there, old woman," admitted Brice. "I don't mind telling you that she's an unusual kind of game, and that I can make it worth your while if you will help to bag her."

"Then she doesn't belong to these people that she's with?"

"Never you mind who she belongs to," retorted Matt; "it's enough for us if we can only nab her some way, and I'm bound to do it if she's above ground."

"I'll help you, Matt," said the woman; "but here's the captain, let me take the lantern quick and light the fire in the cave."

As she spoke, the face of a man in a rough coat, with a slouched hat and immense black whiskers, appeared at the small window in the door as he stooped to unlatch it before entering.

Mother Webb had already seized the lantern that swung overhead from the crossbeam of the little counter, and hurrying into a small inner apartment, approached by a narrow entry and two downward steps, lighted some wood piled on its open hearth, and by the sudden gleam thus created showed the room to contain a faded couch, a few chairs, and a small but costly carpet spread over its broken and sunken boarding.

The exceptional splendor of this secluded chamber proved it to be one reserved for honored guests, as it would appear from Mother Webb's greeting to the captain she considered him to be.

"Walk in, walk in," she said, grinning her welcome and courtesying again and again, "the house is honored by your presence, captain, and the fire will soon be bright and warm. What will you have sent in to drink, sir; you know I keep a special bottle for gents like you?"

The captain answered these civilities with a careless nod, and told her she might bring Matt some hot brandy if she liked, but he'd rather not trust to her taste in liquors.

"You will have your joke against your old mammy," she cried, chuckling as if she enjoyed the criticism on the quality of her spirits; but the moment she was out of the room her brow turned as black as night, and she shook her fist in the direction of the door she had closed behind her.

"Curse you and your airs," she said, in a bitter whisper; "you come here with a bold swagger and a hard face, where you should come crouching and in fear. Look to it, my lofty gentleman, that you don't go too far some day, and find out old Mother Webb's hidden claws."

She re-entered the shop-room and called:

"Moll, get up and bring me a can of hot water."

But no Moll was there; the corner was empty, and after a muttered complaint she was forced to wait on herself, and after mixing the punch in a brown earthen pitcher, she carried it into the council chamber, glancing covertly at the two figures seated before the crackling fire as she retired and left them to their conference.

"I'd listen if I wasn't afraid of Matt," she thought, as she took up her position again in her own old hickory chair behind the shambling counter; "he'd come out on me somehow, and then our game would be up, for Matt's an ugly beast when he's riled. Moll, Moll Patchell. I wonder if that young one is in bed in the garret? She's so stupid with the freezing she's had that I suppose there would be no use trying to rouse her and setting her on the scent of them two; if it wasn't for that though, I believe I'd trust her to listen to 'em and report to me. She's awful cute when she isn't half dead with cold, Moll is."

While the old woman indulged in this strain of cogitation, with her eyes on the entry, momentarily expecting to see the suspicious Matt peep out to insure the absence of spies, Moll Patchell, the ragged beggar girl, having crept round through the main passageway to the old rag and bottle storehouse, that was directly back of the cave, insinuated herself noiselessly into an aperture beside the chimney, where a few loose bricks having fallen out gave her an opportunity of not only hearing but even seeing all that occurred in the apartment.

She had discovered this place of espial in one of her secret cruisings round the wretched cluster of shanties she called her home; it was her nature to be cunning and sly in all her movements, and her leisure moments were spent in sneaking about intent on augmenting her hidden resources by finding a concealed access to the "cave," where she might overhear the important business transacted there, and so increase her power and gratify her love of mystery.

This was her first opportunity of availing herself of her discovery, and owing to her interest in the object of Matt's conversation with Mother Webb, she was more than usually eager to do so.

She had barely reached her place of concealment and contrived to secrete herself without a sound, when the "captain," flinging his hat on the table near the fire, and throwing back his coat, revealed the fact of a disguise by the difference between his hair and beard, and the fineness of his clothing under the heavy great coat.

"You're ahead of time, captain," said Matt, in a slow, dogged kind of tone; "you ain't willing to give a fellow a chance to do his work it seems."

"I'm in a hurry, as you say, Matt," returned the stranger, "but I have a reason for it. You have started this plot, and it must be consummated at once, or there will be danger for the plotters. There was bungling work about the watch, and every mistake of yours sets the girl on her guard. Tyrrel's appearance in this connection is perfectly inexplicable to me. What if he should discover who she is, and become her champion—I say there's no time to be lost!" he exclaimed, abruptly, shuddering involuntarily at the idea he had conjured up, and bringing his hand

down violently on the table to give force to his remarks.

"I wonder at your naming Tyrrel as a difficulty," answered Matt, with something of a sneer. "He seems to me just the contrary. By Jove, I'm going to use my discovery and bleed him good whenever I want a shiner; his position must be worth something to him, and I'm bound to make him pay for it, I swear I am——"

"No, no; let him alone," interposed the other, hurriedly, "at least don't move in his case till my work's done," he added, after a moment's thought. "One job is enough at a time."

Then turning abruptly, and fixing his sinister black eyes on Brice with a searching look, he asked:

"Where is she, what have you done, and how long is this thing going to take to accomplish?"

Steeling his features into their hardest look to conceal his inward trepidation, Matt replied:

"She's still struggling on, but I've nearly run her down, and the job will not take long to finish."

"I've been thinking, Matt," said the captain, after a moment's silence, during which he had remained with his head resting on his hands and his eyes cast down, while his companion observed him closely, "this starvation is slow work, and not sure either; she isn't the kind to be driven to the river, for she's too young and innocent to think of suicide; thieving is dangerous; even if you can induce her to yield to temptation, and she is caught in the act, there's hundreds of fools to commiserate the case and get her off from punishment on the grounds of a first offence and unusual circumstances, etc., etc. No, no, such plans may only work the wrong way, and bring her into notice, and make her friends. *Why not try accidental death?*"

He leaned over, and looking keenly in Brice's face, almost hissed the words of this concluding question.

"Accidental death?" repeated Brice, and stared at him in his turn.

"They are all sick," said the captain, lowering his voice to a whisper, and leaning over so that his face almost touched his companion's; "there's a dispensary just out of Graff's Lane, where such as they apply for medicines. Quinine is given for chills, and morphia is also a bitter white powder. A grain of the latter administered in mistake will produce death in a weak young creature like that; it could be managed, Brice."

The ruffian started and looked half-wonderingly, half-shrinkingly at the speaker.

"You're colder-blooded than a regular rough, captain," he said, in a hoarse whisper, "but there's something in the notion, too. It would puzzle a coroner's jury and get the physic shop in trouble," he added, chuckling. "But there's risks about that, too; the mother and sister are as likely to swallow it as Norah would be."

"That's easily provided for," returned the other, coolly; "get enough for all and make it a clean sweep. It will save trouble and be more natural and, no doubt, agreeable to all parties."

"What's that!" exclaimed Matt, as something seemed to fall and rattle in the chimney. "Oh, I see the wind shakes the old plaster down. Hang me if I wasn't nervous enough to fancy I saw the girl's eyes looking at me out of the darkness in the corner there. I'm cursed if you ain't the cooler hand of the two, though I was in the profession before you were born, and have seen some queer sights and times."

"Never mind that, I'm interested in the case in hand, and I've made you a suggestion; its your place to see if it's practical, and I trust to you to do so, but don't lose time, we can't afford to lose time."

His look as he uttered these concluding words, was something between a warning and a menace.

Matt growled in answer:

"What's the use talking of it; did you ever find me one of the slow kind? The work isn't so precious agreeable that I should linger over it. Give me a couple of days and I'll wipe the whole brood of Michael Eldrige out of the memory of Graff's Lane and its suburbs."

Again came the sound of falling rubbish in the chimney, and this time the captain started.

"Is the place full of rats?" he asked, sharply.

"Maybe," replied Matt, glancing coolly towards the chimney; "but there's nothing worse round, for I looked out a minute ago and saw the old mammy dozing over her counter. There's no one else to spy on us here; we're all safe."

CHAPTER IX.

NORAH'S TEACHER.

Perfectly unconscious of the mysterious plotting of Matt Brice and his disguised companion, of the dozing old hag in her hickory chair, or of the crouching vessel of a child, Moll Patchel, being on the watch, Norah Eldrige began her new life with a grateful heart, humbly anxious to do her duty to her new and already beloved friend, Miss St. Croix, and to prove her thankfulness to Heaven for her timely rescue from starvation and dispair.

A few hours' association with her benefactress proved to her that she was a most eccentric as well as benevolent lady—subject to moods so strange and unaccountable, and with habits so singular and inexplicable, that Norah, like the sensible girl she was, determined to suppress all curiosity concerning her, and endeavor to be useful and agreeable without seeming in the least inquisitive.

Opening out of Miss St. Croix's chamber, that Norah and Barbara were free at all times to enter, was a secret apartment with a hermetically-closed door that none save herself were ever permitted to open.

In this secluded and mysterious chamber she passed many hours of the day, always issuing forth with an expression of pain upon her face, that gradually gave place to her usual quiet or somewhat stern look, as different interests claimed her attention.

She had many occupations: she rode, walked, made and received visits, and kept up a constant activity of brain and body, as though rest were painful and unbearable to her.

Among her other interests, she did not neglect Norah, but having allotted her a pretty and tasteful apartment near her own, and furnished her with an ample wardrobe and all the necessary appliances of a refined life, she engaged a teacher to instruct her in every thing that was needful for an accomplished young lady to know, earnestly enjoining her to make the best of her opportunities.

"But what shall I do to prove my gratitude," cried the happy girl; "how can I serve you, dear Miss St. Croix, how can I——"

"Look as happy as you do now; be true and frank if you can, and I shall be doubly repaid," interrupted the lady, hastily.

So Norah, being thus restrained, strove by her actions to speak her gratitude, and succeeded better than she knew, for Barbara was forced to acknowledge that she had never seen her mistress so happy before; and though she was a little jealous of the new influence that brightened her lady's life, she could not deny that it was a very beneficial one.

One day, while an existence of luxury and refinement was still very new to her, Miss St. Croix entered the library where Norah sat reading, and turning to a handsome young gentleman who accompanied her, she asked, triumphantly:

"There, is not that an improvement. Should you easily recognize the fainting girl you carried up the steps?"

Norah rose, blushing, and stood with downcast eyes, unable to meet the young man's gaze of ardent but respectful admiration.

"This is my nephew, Dr. Alfred Falconer," Miss St. Croix said; "he made your acquaintance when I did, my little Norah."

It was one of Miss St. Croix's fancies to regard her protege as a mere child, and as such she now presented her to the notice of Alfred Falconer, passing her hand, with a caressing motion, over Norah's brow, and inviting her nephew to sit down beside her, and overlook her studies.

"You are fresher in these things, Alfred, than I am," she remarked. "I shall expect you to be of great assistance to my little girl here."

There was something suspicious in the ardor with which the young physician complied, though his aunt seemed totally unconscious of it.

His was just the earnest, energetic nature to aid a new and eager student. His power of simplifying made the difficulties of every task disappear like magic, and, after a little shyness and modest hesitation on Norah's part, which his quiet respect and unobtrusive kindness soon overcame, they fell into the position of pupil and teacher as naturally as if they had spent their lives together, and a sweet and tender confidence sprang up between them in the first days of their association.

He was an orphan who had been latterly much in his Aunt Evelyn's society, he told her, though all his boyhood was passed in a foreign school, away from home and friends. He was very fond of his handsome relative, with whom he was plainly a great favorite, and through her advice and counsel had studied medicine, and intended following its practice as soon as they could agree upon the spot in which he should settle and begin life.

"In the meantime I can avoid idleness, which is Aunt Evelyn's detestation, and give myself the great pleasure of being useful to you," he said, adding, with a fond sigh, "I wish duty were always so attractive."

His tone, and the ardent look in his fine eyes, called the warm blood into Norah's sensitive cheeks. She trembled, she knew not why; and when he renewed his explanations of the volume over which they bent together side by side, drawing so near her in the fervor of their mutual interest and absorption in the lesson that his cheek touched her golden curls, she felt a thrill of indefinable happiness, and her drooping eyes became wet with strangely blissful tears.

"Oh, how lovely learning is! I did not know there was such pure delight on earth," she thought, as she gazed out of the bay window that overlooked the small side street upon which the mansion of Courtland Terrace opened.

Innocent child, how little she dreamt that her untried heart had received the first sweet seed of pure, unselfish love; that she had, in the deep, absorbing light of those manly eyes that beamed upon her from the handsome face of her young tutor, drank in that subtle, dangerous draught that thenceforth must infuse a new element into all her thoughts and feelings, and imperceptibly waft her over the Rubicon that divided her child life from the emotions and experiences of womanhood!

Oh, what a pleasant lesson it was, how the minutes flew, and how soon the twilight came and dimmed the page over which they both were leaning!

"Let us go a little nearer to the window," urged the teacher, loath to lose the spoil he saw upon that sweet young face, earnest, attentive and enwrapt in all he said.

Norah's eyes, leaving his for a moment, turned upon the cold, darkening street outside, and rested on a passing figure beneath—a girl with a wretched dress, a thin shawl and a great basket—a beggar—such an one as she might have soon become, had not the miracle of rescue been performed in her behalf, and a wonderful benevolence lifted her into such unspeakable, inexplicable happiness as now swelled her heart.

As she thought thus, her eyes filled with thankful tears, and through their pearly light she recognized the beggar in the back street with something of a start.

It was Moll Patchell.

"Let me make a light," suggested Alfred, eager to find an excuse for lingering in the library.

As he did so, and the room flashed out into brilliance in the darkening night, the girl in the street raised her eyes, and seeing Norah standing above her, framed by the rich, drawn curtains, and clearly defined in every fold and feature in the sudden light, she almost dropped her basket in the astonishment of the revelation.

Norah saw that she was recognized, and smiled on her kindly. She remembered Moll's good offices with gratitude, and her brain became busy at once with plans to repay her.

Moll's astonishment, which at first had apparently transfixed her, seemed to pass away, and an eager and almost frantic energy took its place.

She motioned to Norah to come to her with such frenzied anxiety of gesture that she could not mistake it. The beggar's motions were so peremptory and authoritative that she dared not disregard them.

"There is some one in the street below that I must speak to," she said, quickly.

And, darting past Alfred without further explanation, she ran down into the snow-covered garden that opened on the place where Moll stood awaiting her coming.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CRUISE OF THE NEREID.

BY WALTER A. ROSE.

I was sitting upon the verandah of a certain fashionable hotel at Cape May a few years ago, idly smoking, and watching the crimson autumn sun sink slowly beneath the azure horizon, when I was disturbed from my reverie by a slap upon my left shoulder that threatened its dislocation.

"Confound it, Sam, you needn't be so rough," I growled.

"Bosh! most effeminate of giants; I've been seeking you in all the billiard and bar-rooms and——"

"Just everywhere but the place you were likely to find me."

"Oh! yes, of course. What are you going to do with yourself when the season closes? It is getting pretty slow here now, and all the best people are flitting back to town."

"I'll go 'anywhere, anywhere out of the world' of fashion. Sam, old fellow, I'm sick of all this society business; I'd like to be a stockman in Australia, or an African traveler, or——"

"Anything but a sensible and reasonable man. I'm going down to Bermuda and the West Indies in the Nereid. Come with me; I have made up a nice little party?"

"I accept; when do you sail?"

"In about a fortnight. You've plenty of time to get ready. Come and play a game of billiards."

Sam Bodine had been born with the most solid of golden spoons in his mouth, and was, at the time of which I speak, a free, handsome, debonair young bachelor of twenty-five. He was passionately fond of yachting, and owned one of the finest of the crafts that flew the pennant of the New York Club. We had been chums at school, and almost inseparable companions during the yachting seasons ever since we had graduated. I had been jilted for about the fifteenth time in my life, my latest passion having told me three days previously that she was engaged to some foreign count she had met in Europe a year before, though she had been coolly allowing me to waste my time and affections upon her for the whole of the seaside season just terminating. I was out of sorts, generally *distrait*. On the voyage to Bermuda I should probably recover from my bitter affliction, as I had been compelled to do on many other similar occasions.

We sailed from New York one bright October morning, and, as we assembled at breakfast when off the Southwest Spit, I took stock of my *compagnons du voyage*. There was Charlie Payne and his young wife, who were invited partially on account of the proprieties and Mrs. Grundy, but chiefly because they were charming people; Fanny and Cordelia Armstrong, *stat* nineteen and thirty-four respectfully; Hattie Peyton, the brightest-eyed and most irrepressible little madcap that ever trod a deck or waltzed around a ball-room; her brother Frank, a handsome young scapegrace of sixteen; Jack Talboys, a clever, witty society-man, without whom yachting parties frequently were failures; Orpheus Butt, a solid-looking, rotund young man, prematurely bald, decidedly vain, and a firm believer in the supreme power of money, plenty of which he had inherited; Owner Sam Bodine, Sailing-master Mark Lyons, and the reader's humble servant, Edward Fearon. We were all pretty well acquainted with each other, Butt, in fact being the only one who was new in our set—Sam told me privately that he had invited him to please his mother, who was a distant relative that he held in high regard, though she was insane enough to believe her dear Orpheus was sinking with consumption.

We had fine weather for the first few days after leaving port, and we conducted ourselves as young people generally will under similar circumstances. There was a good deal of innocent flirtation, not a little novel reading and chess playing, much crochet working by the ladies and smoking by the men. The time passed pleasantly enough to all, I fancy, save Mr. Orpheus Butt, who was incontinently snubbed by all hands, from the cabin-boy up to that imperious magnate the sailing-master. Mr. Butt's mamma was right in her conclusion that her cherished son's system was disorganized, though she was radically wrong in her suspicion that the seeds of consumption were germinating in him. The monster—I use this epithet advisedly, for he weighed about two hundred and eighty pounds, though he was but twenty-five years of age and only five feet three in height—lacked animation, and, after recovery from his first sea-sickness, which was superinduced by a surfeit of pickled oysters rather than by the undulations of the ocean, never staid more than half an hour out of his bunk except during meal-times. Fanny Armstrong asserted that he was, according to Darwin, the descendant of a boa-constrictor, for gorging and sleeping—or rather becoming comatose—occupied the whole of the time, with the exception of about half an hour after dinner when he appeared on deck.

This interlude, I submitted, in furtherance of Miss Armstrong's idea, only bore out his constrictor nature, as he devoted it entirely to the endeavor to coil himself around the heart of the charming girl, who despised his obese intimations of affection. She found him decidedly a bore.

So continuously did he sleep that I, who did not know much of the real effect of the drug, began to believe he was an opium-eater. I was not then aware that that subtle narcotic is emaciating, and induces wakefulness rather than somnulence in those habitually addicted to its use.

We all laughed at Orpheus, because he was such a sleepy, rotund, "erotic muff, insane calf and unprolific numscull." (I only quote the adjectives and substantives which were hourly hurled at him by our admirably critical coterie.) We took pleasure in jibing and teasing him in his wakeful moments; even prim Miss Cordelia Armstrong ventured the assertion that Mr. Butts was "not quite so entertaining as he might be."

We encountered a stiff gale off Cape Hatteras, that had a very demoralizing effect upon our party generally, for incarceration in the cabin of a yacht for a period of days is distasteful even to society's most resigned Mark Tapleys. Then we had a spell of calm, and the monotony of existence on the placid quicksilver sea would have been insupportable but for the presence of the pretty wearers of petticoats, who sang to us, played to us, and consoled us as only fascinating woman knows how.

"When do you expect we shall arrive at St. Georges, Captain Lyons?" queried Hattie Peyton, just stepping out of the main rigging, up which she had ascended a considerable distance to "look for land," one evening as the sun was sinking in a flood of amber and vivid crimson beneath the horizon.

"If the weather keeps fair, and the breeze holds, Miss Hattie, I expect to sight St. Catherine's Point soon after daybreak to-morrow. But I should not be surprised if you learned before then why the islands used to be called in olden times 'The vexed Bermoothes,' for we shall have a regular screecher to-night, I guess," replied the skipper, who I had previously noticed consulting the barometer and heard give orders to have everything movable upon deck doubly-lashed and the hatches securely battened down.

The old sea-dog was right in his prognostication. Shortly after midnight the wind veered suddenly, and came howling and groaning upon our little craft with extreme fury. I went on deck with Bodine, and found the skipper encased in an oil-skin suit, standing at the helm shouting orders to the crew through a speaking-trumpet.

The night was as dark as Erebus, and a terrifically high sea was running. Occasionally the crest of a giant billow would burst and break across the Nereid's deck, threatening to overwhelm the struggling craft that was driving down before the blast with bending masts and tight-strained cordage.

Lyons had housed the topmasts during the first watch, and had shortened sail very considerably, and had he not wisely pursued this course, the vessel would have been thrown upon her beam-ends when first the hurricane struck her. The Nereid was an admirable sea boat, and rose buoyantly upon the mountainous waves that hissed and seethed and boomed and broke around her.

"I'd give a good deal for a glimpse of dawn," said Bodine, anxiously. "It's almost impossible to tell exactly at what speed we are running in a storm like this, and we might find ourselves on a lee-shore before morning, if we get to the westward of St. Catherine's Point. Once around there we could afford to laugh at the force and fury of the gale."

We had gone down into the cabin, and were poring over the chart. At noon the previous day we had been but one hundred and fifty miles from the promontory he named—now we knew ourselves to be very near the land. Suddenly there was a terrific crash above our heads, the yacht keeled violently over, and a tremor ran through her.

"That's whipped the sticks out of her, by Jupiter!" cried my companion.

We returned to the deck, Talboys following us *en deshabille*, and found that both of the lower masts had carried away about ten feet above the deck. The wreck lay to leeward, and every now and then, as a wave swept over the dismantled hulk, the broken spars, still held by their wire shrouds, would dash against the quivering hulk of the hapless yacht, as if trying to break in her sides.

This was no time for inaction. We procured axes, set to work with a will severing the lanyards of the rigging, and in a little while the wreck floated away astern. The vessel thus relieved ceased to labor so heavily, and a hawser veered over her stem kept her head on to the sea, and the waves ceased to break so continuously over her.

As if satisfied with the destruction it had accomplished, the storm from that moment rapidly decreased in violence—like cyclones, generally, it soon spent its fearful force. The sea, however, still continued to run high, and terrific gusts, the expiring efforts of Eolus, would sweep down upon us at occasional periods and bury the dismasted vessel in the dark trough of the angry ocean.

Dawn came at length, and sunlight followed swiftly in its silvery track, lightened the cloudless sky and the perturbed bosom of the foaming sea, and revealed land close under our lee. The yacht's fate was inevitable, obvious even to inexperienced eyes. It was only a question of hours, moments in fact, and then—well, her timbers would bestrew the cruel rocks, and probably the corses of her passengers and crew find a resting-place upon the weed-grown strand.

Our perilous position had been observed from the shore, for, without even the aid of glasses, we could discern large numbers of people running upon the beach.

"Have they any life-saving station on this part of the coast, Lyons?" asked Bodine, anxiously.

"There is one a few miles distant, sir; but I doubt if any boat could get off to us in such a sea, for the current sets dead inshore and runs strong, as you can tell by the rate at which we are drifting. There is a reef between us and the beach; the schooner will catch upon it, but I fear she will soon go to pieces," replied the skipper.

This reef was about three hundred yards from the land, and its whereabouts soon became defined, as high breakers burst over it, the spray flashing in the mellow sunlight. We were driving fast in upon it. We let go our best bower in the hope of finding anchorage. The stout chain cable parted like packthread, however, and the yacht continued to drift and on towards destruction.

"Get the women on deck, Ned; they must not be left to drown down there. Perhaps a merciful wave may wash some of them ashore alive," said Bodine.

I descended to the cabin, and in a few words explained our perilous position to the terrified ladies. They had been aware for several hours that the vessel had met with a serious disaster, but they had not deemed the danger so imminent as it was. They had been praying and weeping simultaneously, yet they grew more calm when they learned the worst.

I have often noticed that women, who are simply idiotic when slightly scared, become brave and heroic when they fully understand the nature and extent of their peril—will face death itself with greater fortitude than the average man has courage to do.

We passed ropes around the poor girls, so that when the shock came, the wave which would inevitably succeed it should not sweep them from the wreck. Both of the yacht's life-boats had been stove in during the storm, and were useless. We could only wait and hope.

The surf was running high over the reef, and it caught the Nereid upon its crest and hurled her along with lightning rapidity. Then came a violent concussion, and a blending sheet of spray swept over us. The people on the beach had been making vigorous attempts to launch a large boat, but were apparently unable to make headway against the strong current.

"If we could but get a line ashore, they might use it as a guess-warp, and come to our rescue," said the skipper.

"Would it be impossible for a man to swim with one ashore?"

The old tar started round and eyed the speaker contemptuously, for it was no other personage than Orpheus Butt, whom nobody had even thought of in that hour of peril.

"Men can't perform miracles, even though they are sailors," he replied.

The sleepy, obese Orpheus suddenly seemed transformed into an active little acrobat. In a few seconds he had doffed all his clothes save shirt and pants, and said, quietly:

"Give me a long, light line. I will try to carry it ashore."

The skipper glanced at him, and a new light beamed in his eyes.

"My lad, there's something in you after all," he said.

The deep-sea lead line was coiled in its tub on deck. Butt espied it, and hurriedly fastened one end of it round his broad chest. Then he walked over to Fanny Armstrong and took her hands in his. I could not hear what he said, but I saw the girl lift her sweet face and kiss him.

A few seconds more and he was battling bravely with the surges, now hidden from view in a dark abyss, now a mere speck upon a white-capped wave. The women prayed while the men applauded. We saw a hundred of the land folk receive him as the waves hurled him on the beach, and a few moments afterwards a stout hawser was being hauled from the yacht to the shore, upon which we all stood in safety an hour later, watching our late home being rent to pieces by the angry waves.

I never learned what Orpheus said to Fanny Armstrong on the morning of the wreck, but I know that she is now Mrs. Butt, and Talboys is still a bachelor.

AGRICULTURAL.

FATTENING HORSES.—For fattening a horse there is probably no grain superior to barley. In Germany barley is ground into flour and made into cakes for horses, and in England it is generally boiled and fed at evening. Five pounds at a feeding, three times a day, is the rate of feeding barley at the West, and it is regarded as a very fattening food.

HORSE FODDER. — The practice of feeding horses with hay by the truss is wasteful in the extreme. Much of the hay placed in the rack is pulled out and trodden under foot by the horses, who use it, not for food but for amusement. By cutting a truss of hay into chaff every blade of it will be consumed, and it will be found that three-quarters of a pound of cut hay will go as far as one pound of uncut hay in the daily rations of a horse. Coachmen and grooms in private stables do not like the system of feeding horses on mixed forage—namely on bruised oats, chaff, and maize given together—because owing to the bulk of the forage supplied being more easily weighed, the facilities of fraud are diminished. It is stated that an English omnibus company have for many years adopted the plan of mixed forage, and no one can look at their horses without being struck by their admirable condition, notwithstanding hard work.

A LESSON FROM CABBAGE.—Every one knows that cabbage will not grow fast or head out well unless they are hoed very often. Most have also learned that this crop does the best if hoed very early in the morning, while the dew is on the ground. Hoeing later in the day, when the dew has evaporated, will not have the same effect. The reasons appear to be these: The dew being covered with soil, is retained, and helps keep the earth moist. It contains a large amount of oxygen, which it took from the air. These act to decompose the soil, and to hasten the growth of plants. It also absorbs a large quantity of ammonia, which is taken directly up by the plants. Now the same cause ought to produce the same effect on other plants, and it has been found by observing farmers that they do. Market gardeners prefer to have potatoes hoed either when the soil is wet with dew or after a slight rain. Observations made by one of the best farmers in Wisconsin, extending through many years, convinced him that there was great advantage in plowing land while it was wet with dew. Especially was this the case when clover or grass was plowed under. It was found that the grass and sod rotted much sooner, and that the succeeding crops were larger and of better quality.

WHEAT SURFACE GROWTH IN THE FALL IS WHAT IS WANTED.—Winter wheat is most apt to be injured by alternate freezing and thawing rather than by long continued cold, freezing to a great depth. When the ground is frozen deeply, the wheat plant does not, and cannot, "heave out." When we have a deep frost, then a few days of milder weather thaws the surface, and a very slight frost following, this will snap the wheat roots and leave them on the surface; and this occurs alike on drained or undrained soil. There is no absolute remedy for this evil, but it can be palliated by encouraging a different habit of growth of wheat roots. Here comes in the advantage of a rich, mellow and shallow seed bed for wheat, with a hard underpan, repelling rather than inviting full growth of the wheat roots downward. There is no use trying to get long, deep roots on the wheat plant in the fall. Ten chances to one, if we do, the freezing and thawing of winter will break the roots and injure, if not destroy, the plant. Better far, in fall, encourage a strong growth of roots near the surface, forming a mat through the soil which, when frozen, shall rise and fall together. This is not mere theory, but a fact often noticed on land once plowed, with a rich and shallow seed bed. The advantage of surface manuring for wheat, as also of superphosphate and other commercial fertilizers drilled in with the seed, seems to lie largely in promoting a large surface growth of wheat roots. This, with the leaves of the plant, prevents deep freezing, and keeps the wheat roots under a mulch, which makes the soil light, and promotes rapid growth in early spring. A very small quantity of any rich fertilizer will thus often add immensely to the yield—not entirely by its direct effect, but in preventing winter killing and heaving out of the plant. In no other way can I explain the extraordinary results I have known from a small application of superphosphate—often ten to fifteen bushels of wheat, or 600 to 900 pounds, from 200 pounds of superphosphate.—*Country Gentleman.*

FACETIÆ.

TO HEADS OF FAMILIES.—Why is it that boy babies are always bouncing, and girl babies always beautiful?

WHAT IS AN IDEA?—A Frenchman has defined an idea as a child of one's own that one always wishes some one else to adopt.

WHEN a new railroad is to be made, the first thing they do is to "break ground," which is done with great ceremony. The next thing is to break the shareholders, which is done without ceremony.

FEMININE LOGIC.—Precise old aunt—"It's no use, Emily; I should never alter my opinion of the young man, not if you were to convince me ever so much. I don't like him, and even wild horses could not make me."

A BOY who had stolen some apples was forgiven for the rather ingenious manner in which he excused himself. The schoolmaster asking him what he had to say for himself, the urchin replied, "The apples were Tom's. I don't know how he got them; and now they're mine, and he don't know how I got them."

EXTRACT FROM A YOUNG LADY'S DIARY.—"What are these thoughts that surge across my heart and wildly palpitate in every crevice of my brain? What is this strange longing after the unattainable? Am I what I really seem, or is it, as it were, not so much the infinitesimal as the unspeakable? Let me be calm. I have re-read *Don Juan* to-day. Alas! will there ever be another Byron? May there not be somewhere coming toward me from the mist of the mountain top, or the flowers of the valley, some such crowned youth who—Here papa called out, 'If you don't come down to dinner it will be postponed till to-morrow.' Coarse idea. I was obliged to go for many reasons."

THE following story is told of a member of Parliament, who, wishing to conciliate an old neighbor, a voter, sent him a pineapple from his hot-house.

"I hope you liked it," he said to the old man, when he met him a few days afterwards.

"Well, yes, thankee, pretty well. But I suppose we sort of people are not used to them fine things, and don't know how to eat 'em."

"How did you eat it then?" asked the M. P.

"Well," said the man, "we boiled 'em."

"Boiled it!" sighed the M. P., in horror, thinking of his pineapple.

"Yes, we boiled 'em with a leg of mutton."

AN UNJUST SUSPICION.—The other day a Detroit husband went on a fishing excursion with a small party of friends. Returning at midnight, he pounded on the door and awoke his wife. As she let him into the hall, she saw that something ailed him, and she cried out:

"Why, Henry, your face is as red as paint."

"Guesser n't," he replied, feeling along down the hall.

"And I believe you've been drinking," she added.

"Whazzer mean by zat?" he inquired, trying to stand still.

"Oh, Henry, your face would never look like that if you hadn't been drinking."

"Mi to blame?" he asked, tears in his eyes. "Spoken big bass jump up'n bit me in the face an' make it red—mi to blame?"

And he sat down on the floor and cried over her unjust suspicions.—*Detroit Free Press.*

AFTER Mrs. Rumble was married she went in for housekeeping. She was entirely ignorant of the art, and wholly unfamiliar with the utensils with which it was conducted, and Mr. Rumble was no wiser. Mrs. Rumble's mother ordered her furniture and things for the house, and on the day they arrived Rumble came home and found his wife almost mad. "That outrageous, unprincipled tradesman," she said, "knows I am inexperienced, and he has tried to impose on me, William. He has sent up a tin wash-basin full of holes, so that it leaks awfully. He must think I'm simple if he believes I'm goin' to keep such a thing as that!" William desired to see it, and Mrs. Rumble went into the kitchen and brought out—a colander! Mr. Rumble examined it, and suggested that it might perhaps be worm-eaten. But he said it was a scandalous fraud anyhow, and he put on his hat, wrapped the colander in paper, and went to see the tradesman about it. When he came home he had the colander with him, and maintained a gloomy silence as he dashed it down on the kitchen table, and refused to explain about it; but Mrs. Rumble obtained the necessary information in a subsequent interview with her mother. She thinks now that William would be happier if she had a more intimate familiarity with colanders and such things.

BRIDAL TOUR FOR ONE.—There came one day to a little inland town in Kentucky a young rural couple who had just been bound by the "silken bonds." Their destination was the depot, and the bridegroom was evidently quite impatient for fear the train should arrive before he could reach the office. Buying one ticket, they stood on the platform until the train had stopped. When they entered the car, the bridegroom found his bride a seat, kissed her most affectionately, bade her "good-bye," and going out, seated himself on a box and commenced whittling most vigorously. He watched the train out of sight, regret depicted on his face, when a bystander, thinking the whole proceeding rather strange, resolved to interview him. Approaching him carelessly, and chewing a straw to keep up his courage, he said:

"Been gettin' married lately?"

"Yes," said he, "me and Sallie got spliced this morning."

"Was that her you put on the train?"

"Yes," with a sigh.

"A likely lookin' gal," said our questioner. "Anybody sick, that she had to go 'way?"

"No," but here he grew confidential. "You see me and Sallie had heard that everybody when they got married took a bridal tour. So I told Sallie I hadn't money enough for both of us to go, but she shouldn't be knocked out of hern. So I jist brought her down here, bought her a ticket, and sent her on a visit to some of her folks, and thought I might get some work harvestin' till she got back."

That afternoon found him busily at work, and when in a day or two afterward Sallie came back, he welcomed her cordially and affectionately, and hand in hand they started down the dusty road to their new home and duties.

CLARA'S ERROR.

BY W. B.

"Clara Cleve is to be married at last," said Miss Catchington.

"Yes—at last," said Mrs. Bexley, rather maliciously.

"Thirty, isn't she?" said Miss Catchington, who was herself on the shady side of fifty.

"Twenty-nine at least," responded Mrs. Bexley. "And really, I'm surprised that she has decided to marry."

"Captain Gore is a great match, I'm told," observed Miss Catchington.

"Oh yes, he's all right," Mrs. Bexley answered. "But she has such a horror of being married for her money, you see, and she's so very particular; and——"

"I'll never believe it until I see her in her wedding veil and wreath at the altar," said Miss Catchington, with a sort of vicious relish. "It's surprising what a little bit of an affair will suffice to break off a wedding at the last minute!"

"And Clara is so suspicious and jealous," added Mrs. Bexley.

That was the way in which two gossips read the character of Clara Cleve. Nor was their verdict altogether without a show of reason.

Miss Cleve had a warm and noble nature, but she quailed at the risks which every woman runs in uniting herself "for better or worse," to a husband. More than one of her friends had married unhappily, and she had a sort of superstitious dread lest she too should be wrecked in the maelstrom of matrimonial misery.

"It's one chance in a thousand," thought Clara Cleve, dubiously. "But I do believe that Everard Gore is a true man and loves me truly. And yet I suppose every silly, love-stricken girl thinks the same thing of her lover. Oh, I wish I knew whether I was right or wrong in promising myself to any man living. When Everard is with me I believe in him so fervently. There is a sort of magnetic force about his clear brown eyes and smiling mouth which I cannot resist; but when he leaves me the cold mists gather again about my heart and I find myself racked with doubts and fears. Oh, what, what shall I do? Does he love me as a man should love his wife? Or is it only because I am rich that he cares for me?"

Thus Clara Cleve meditated, only a week before her wedding-day, as she walked along the crowded streets towards a great jewelery emporium where she was having a set of antique pearls which had been her grandmother's reset in rims of plain dead gold. The ring was bought, the great wedding-cake ordered, the dress lying in its pasteboard box at home, even the wreath of clematis and orange blossoms was in readiness.

And Clara Cleve felt that her doom was very near.

"If I did not love Everard so dearly," said she to herself, "I would tell him, even now, that I can never be his. But I do love him, and there's just where the risk lies!"

"Are my pearls ready?" she asked, as she advanced to the plate-glass shielded counter.

"In one minute, ma'am," the shopman obsequiously answered; and Clara sat down to wait.

Almost as she did so the clear voice of Everard Gore sounded in her ears from the adjoining room—a little private office, used only by the heads of the firm, and instead of being partitioned off to the very ceiling it was only railed around by black walnut and plate-glass to the height of about six feet. Clara's first impulse was to call to him as she started up; the second, to reseat herself.

"He is on some business, I suppose," she said to herself, "and I shall only interrupt him. I will wait until he comes out."

"You don't really mean," said old Mr. Goldie, the head of the establishment, speaking in his slow, deliberate way, "you don't really mean, Mr. Gore, that you want to back out of the engagement?"

"I would, in a minute, if I could get a reasonable excuse," said Everard.

Clara's heart gave a great beat, like a disordered trip-hammer, and she felt herself grow chill and faint. Had Providence then sent her an answer to her prayers for enlightenment on the great subject as to whether her affianced husband loved her or not?

"And so far as you've gone, too," said Mr. Goldie. "Dear, dear, they tell me the wedding is to be this day week."

"So it is," said Everard, calmly.

"Oh! you can't back out of the bargain now," cried the old gentleman.

"But I think I shall," asserted Everard Gore. "I really have an opportunity to do better, and a man must take all the advantages he can."

"But what will Miss Cleve say?"

"Oh!" said Everard, debonairly, "she won't care."

But Clara Cleve could endure this no longer. Her cheeks were burning, her eyes glittering, her hands trembled, so that she could hardly hold her parasol. She rose, and turned towards the door that led into the private room—not quite private enough, it seemed, in this instance.

"I beg your pardon, madam," interposed the shopman, as he advanced from the farther end of the counter, "but here are the pearls."

"The pearls?"

Clara looked at him vaguely.

She had forgotten all about the little white, glimmering ornaments. What were pearls to her!

"Never mind them," she said, in a voice that was scarcely audible. "I—I am going in there!"

"I beg your pardon, ma'am," said the man, more amazed than ever, "but that is Mr. Goldie's private room, where no one ever goes but on business."

"I have business!" imperiously spoke up Miss Cleve. "Be so good as to stand aside and let me pass."

And with the haughty mien of a modern Boadicea she swept on and entered the office, where old Mr. Goldie sat on the table, and Everard Gore stood opposite, leaning against the mantel.

"Miss Cleve!" said the old gentleman, nearly tumbling off the table in his consternation.

"Clara!" exclaimed Mr. Gore, scarcely less amazed.

"I hope I am not in the way," said Clara, with a little forced laugh. "But I believe I am a little interested in the subject that I could not help hearing you discuss just now."

She looked scathingly at Everard, but instead of turning as many colors as a dying dolphin, or looking as if he would like to vanish through the crack of the floor, he broke out into a merry laugh.

"Of course you are," said he.

She drew herself haughtily up.

"Pray do not discuss it any more," said she. "I release you!"

"You release me? From what, Clara?"

"From our engagement."

"For what reason?" he asked, a certain stern gravity coming over his face.

"You said yourself, Mr. Gore, that you desired to back out of the bargain—that you could do better!" panted Clara, with her hand on her heart.

"My dear young lady," here interposed Mr. Goldie, "it wasn't you he was talking about—it was the house in Walnut Tree Avenue which my cousin owns—the house he has talked of buying."

Clara turned with bewildered eyes to her lover.

"Everard, was it a house?"

"You hear what Mr. Goldie says, Clara," he answered. "If you doubt my word, any further asseverations on my part would be useless. A man does not like to be doubted."

With a face full of penitence Clara Cleve advanced to him.

He was not to be trifled with—that was evident—and Mr. Goldie stood crumpling up his hair with both hands, the image of perplexity and bewilderment.

"Oh! Everard, I am so ashamed—so sorry! Will you pardon me?"

"My love!"

And so they were reconciled, and Clara's doubts were at rest.

"But you must promise to have more confidence in me for the future," said Mr. Gore, laughing.

And Clara promised. And the wedding came off that day week, according to programme.

And Mrs. Gore is happy with the serene content of true affection. She has drawn her ticket in life's lottery, and it has turned out a prize!

HOW OPIUM IS SMOKED.

The pipe in which the Chinese smoke opium has a stem probably two feet long, made of cane such as certain fishing rods are made of; about 20 inches from the mouthpiece, which is an inch in diameter, is the bowl. This appears to be made of boxwood, and is not unlike a small low coffee cup, large at the top and small at the bottom, with a tight cover fitting in it. In the centre of this cover is a small hole. The opium is not put in the pipe, as might be supposed, but in a little wad on the top of the cover over the hole. The smoker takes a long needle, and on the end of it gathers from the little jars a piece of opium the size of a bean. This he holds over the lamp, and thus melts and burns it until it is of the proper consistency. Then he places it over the hole in the cover of the pipe, and with his needle punches a hole through it, which joins the hole in the cover. Then he lights it and smokes away. When it is gone, he repeats the process. We smoked one pipeful of opium, but the fumes and poisons of the place had made us insensible to other influences, and we could not understand where the fascination was. The smoke of the opium in the den hung like a threatening shadow over our heads and all about us. The atmosphere was stimulating if it was not intoxicating, and withal it was not unpleasing. Other senses rebelled at the situation. The beds, one above another, with scarcely two feet between them, were dirty beyond description. The Chinamen occupying them, with one exception, a tobacco dealer who had just begun to indulge in the dissipation, were nearly as dirty as the beds they occupied. Only one or two took the slightest notice of us. The others smoked away as though they had only a moment between the present life and eternity. We stayed in this den nearly half an hour observing the different smokers, and I could not help contrasting the happiness they felt that night with the misery that would overtake them in the morning. They doubtless bear the depression of spirits and the pains during the day in the hope, indeed the certainty, of the joys that await them at night.

SUPERSTITIONS IN IRELAND.

Having spent some considerable time in the South Eastern parts of Ireland, some years ago, we had many opportunities of becoming acquainted with the manners and customs of every grade of society, from the squire to the peasant, and therefore picked up many of the "sayings and doings" of these districts. One thing struck us as most remarkable, and that was, when any popular custom, tradition or superstition existed, there was not the slightest difference of opinion between the educated and the most humble or illiterate persons—all held fast to the same belief, no matter how absurd. The following jots may be interesting.

When the cat scratches the legs of a table or chair, it is a sign of rain; but if "tabby" transfers her nails to the stump of a tree, it foretells a storm. The appearance of a rainbow at night or evening is a sign of fine weather; in the morning it is for storm, and at midday storm and rain; and if in autumn, thunder and whirlwinds may be expected to follow. The quacking of ducks in the morning is a sure sign of rain, as is also the chattering of a collection of sparrows in the evening. Should a robin redbreast enter a house, hard weather, snow, frost, etc., may be expected to follow soon. The robin is held in great veneration by every one, and it would be considered a serious offence to kill one wittingly. It is almost a domestic bird in the places we mention.

It foretells a storm to see pigs running about the farmyard with straws in their mouths; and to hear dogs crying, which they do most horribly sometimes, notifies death.

On the lower or upright portion of the frame of almost every house door—the chief entrance—may be found nailed an old horseshoe, or portion of one, picked up on some neighboring road. This is said to be very lucky, and prevents fires and fairies from visiting the house. It is considered particularly unfortunate for a farmer or his wife if they should, on a May morning, meet a hare, as that animal is said to take away the milk from the cows, should the master or mistress of the "lowing herd" cross the path of pussy on the morning in question.

PLEASANTRY.—There is as much merit in catering to the humorous side of our nature as to the sober and sedate. Men and women were made to laugh and indulge in pleasantries just as much as to pray and fast. Because a face is uncommonly long instead of wide, it does not follow that its possessor is a first-class saint. We would as soon trust a countenance got up on the broad as the long guage.

JUST IN TIME.

A young surgeon, having tried in vain to get into practice, at last fell upon the following expedient to set the ball to rolling. He sprang upon his horse once a day, and rode at full speed through the town. After an absence of an hour he would return, and carry with him some of his instruments—thinking if he could impress his neighbors that he had practice, they would begin to place confidence in his ability.

A wag, who more than suspected the deceit which he was practicing, determined to know the truth. He accordingly kept his horse in readiness, and the next time the doctor galloped past his door, sprang on his steed and placed himself on the young gentleman's trail.

The doctor saw the man following at his heels, but did not, at first, evince any uneasiness. At length, however, he thought it advisable to turn down a narrow lane. The pursuer followed on like an evil genius; but the doctor was not discouraged, as another road lay a short distance ahead of him, down which he turned. The other kept close at his heels, and the doctor grew impatient to return home. There was no house by the way at which he could afford any pretext for stopping.

In the meantime his saddle-bags were with him, and he was otherwise equipped for business, so that he could not return, in the face of his neighbor, without exposing the secrets of the trade in the most palpable manner. Every bound of his steed carried him farther from his home, and the shades of night began to fall on hill and dale. Still the sound of horse's hoofs were thundering in his ears, and he was driven to his wits' end; but just as he turned the angle of a wood, he heard a low moan. A man lay prostrate near the fence of a meadow, and blood gushed from a fearful wound in his arm. He had cut an artery with his scythe, and was in danger of immediate dissolution. The young doctor sprang from his horse and staunched the wound. Bandages were applied, and his life was saved. The pursuer had also thrown himself from his horse, and as the surgeon tied up the last bandage, he looked up in his face, and said:

"How lucky, neighbor, that I was able to arrive just in time!"

The wondering spectator was silent with awe; and after assisting the wounded man home, he told such a miraculous tale to the wondering town folk, as secured to the young surgeon a reputation not for skill, but also for supernatural prescience. Thus did the merest accident contribute more to his advancement than years of studious toil could have done; and the impertinent curiosity of a waggish neighbor opened for him a path to business which the most influential patronage might never have been able to provide for him.

PINK CORAL will soon be a drug in the market. An immense bank of the submarine treasure has been discovered on the coast of Sicily, and already 600 boats belonging to the different guilds of coral fishers of Torre del Greco and Schiana are squabbling over the bank, and fighting naval battles with such fierceness that the government has been compelled to send the Explorator and another steamship of war to compel the disputants to keep the peace. But their intervention is confined to the surface; they cannot compel the divers from fighting under water; an amusement in which they appear to indulge with inveterate animosity. Within a month eighty quintals of pink coral have been fished up, so that we shall be able to deck the ladies' ears and necks with the much cherished article at a less ruinous rate than heretofore.

SYMPATHY.—In a world like the present, one of the grandest occupations is that of giving condolence. We ought all of us to study this holy science of imparting comfort to the troubled. There are many who could look round upon some of their very best friends, who wish them well, and are very intelligent, and yet be able truthfully to say to them in days of trouble, "Miserable comforters are ye all."

A Health Yielding Stimulant.

It is suicidal for a man to drink ordinary liquor, when he feels weak, to enable him to perform work in hand. The fatigue which labor produces is increased ten fold by the debilitating re-action of the stimulants of commerce, so that the temporary invigoration is purchased at a fearful cost to health. A stimulant, in order to impart healthful energy, should be medicated. The reason that Hostetter's Stomach Bitters are so wonderfully efficacious as a restorative and preventive is that their alcoholic basis of pure Old Rye is mingled with vegetable tonics and alterative which are the most potent known to medical botanists. Their immediate or stimulative effect is to rouse the dormant energies, and their subsequent operation is to permanently invigorate, through the medium of restored digestion and secretion, the various organs of the body.

YESTERDAY we called on the Mayor, and were politely shown into his parlor; the carpet was beautiful, furniture elegant and walls frescoed in picturesque designs. One thing only marred the general appearance of a parlor seldom surpassed for real comfort. It was a zig-zag rusty-looking blur on the ceiling, over the left window, caused by dampness penetrating the brick wall, or a leak in the roof. Neither of these ever occur where Glines' Slate *Roofing* Paint is used. The article is a perfect repellent of water, or even dampness, and is largely in use. We are sorry the Mayor did not sooner know that the offices of N. Y. Slate Roofing Co. were 49 So. Front St., this City, as well as in Boston, New York and Newark. The fact that this paint is not only reliable and effectual, but *cheap*, is a sufficient hint for our readers to address them *at once* for their **100** page Book, which is sent *free* to any address.

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THE FIRST FINGER-RING.—An amusing myth is told of the origin of the finger-ring. When Jove released Prometheus from the bonds by which he had been confined he condemned him, as a sort of penance—perhaps somewhat after the fashion of a modern ticket-of-leave—to wear upon his finger as a ring a link of the iron chain that had bound him to the Caucasian rock, in which was set a fragment of that rock itself. In this way, so fable goes, the custom of the finger-ring originated. There is every reason to believe that this use of the engraved stone began with the Greeks, and from them was copied by their servile imitators, the Romans. It is in every way a convenient and a natural one, and our grandfathers' custom of wearing their seals at the fob, as it was called, or hanging from the side-pocket, was a recurrence to old Assyrian usages, which did not long hold its ground.

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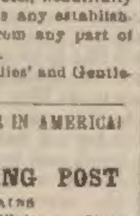

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THE BOUDOIR.

While looking over some old fashion plates of a century gone by, and comparing certain details with some of the so-called novelties of to-day, we have been forcibly reminded of the French proverb, which says, "There is nothing new in the world but that which has been forgotten." It is curious to note the similarity of some of the details of dress of that age and this. Forgotten styles suddenly rise up again, and proclaim themselves "novelties." Provided they are graceful and in good taste, we care not, however, how often they wake anew to life. There is a great buzz and chatter concerning "Dress Reform," and the conventions upon that subject—and while we especially desire not to be identified with either the leaders of, or opponents of such things, we must commend some of the results of the agitation. For instance, the marked improvements in corsets, skirt supporters, etc., which the discussions upon this subject have caused certain clever ones to invent, or, properly speaking, improve.

We cannot too cordially recommend a new style of corset which we have lately seen, and which has the advantages of being a skirt supporter also, while it has far less than half the usual complement of stiff whale bones, wherewith helpless victims were wont to enclose and *bruise* their forms. We have always strenuously advocated such modes of dress as would tend to promote the physical health, and in consequence the beauty of the human figure. And to further such ends, certainly the corset is a very necessary and potent accessory.

By late advices through our French journals, we see that the tendency in dresses is to present the flat appearance of which we wrote a week or two since, even more marked than hitherto. Trains, we regret to say, are worn longer, even for street costumes, the demi train is shown. We advise our fair readers to assert American independence and good taste here, and positively refuse to conform to so untidy a fashion as trailing elegant robes through the refuse and soil of the streets. We shall, from time to time, give descriptions of walking dresses of appropriate length, and apropos of the subject subjoin a detailed account of two, which have pleased us well in everything but the length of their skirts, which we have taken the liberty of curtailing somewhat.

The first was of ecru delaine, striped with fine hair lines of chestnut brown. The round skirt, which just clears the ground, is made with a deep flounce cut across the cloth, and edged with a narrow bias frill, six inches deep, which in its turn is headed by a bias fold of chestnut brown velvet. The overskirt is a deep square apron, surrounded by a fold of the brown velvet fully five inches wide, this fold extends up the sides, and the overskirt is draped by a drawing string placed four inches from the top of velvet fold at the back, on each side, and extending from the waist to within a foot and a quarter of the bottom of the skirt. Deep, knotted fringe edges the overskirt, and is continued up the edges at the back also, until it meets the drawing string. There is no sash or drapery between.

The basque is a simply round cuirass, with plain coat sleeves, upon which are square cuffs edged with a broad bias of velvet. A similar bias of velvet describes a V, or heart shape, upon the bust, and is finished just above the belt by a bow and three loops of the same. Brown velvet buttons close the front, and a small square standing collar finishes neatly the throat.

A more elaborate costume is of navy blue silk, which, by the way, will be a very popular color this autumn. It is made with three bias flounces, six inches wide, piped and headed with a narrow milliner's fold of light blue silk upon the front and two wide breadths. The back widths are trimmed with three bias flounces, each nine inches deep, and overlapping each other, the top one finished by a standing ruffle, lined with the light blue, which pipes the other flounces. The overskirt is somewhat new in shape, being open in front, drawn away to the back, and draped in flat, soft puffs, by means of drawing strings, on each hip, running perpendicularly for about a foot and a-half from the waist down. A puffed pocket headed with a pleating of light blue and a quilling of black thread lace, is placed on each side of the front of this stylish overdress. A pleating of light blue silk, above which is a fall of thread lace, edged the overskirt. The basque is plain and tight fitting, with all the features of the cuirass, excepting that it has long postillion tabs at the back; has only a cording of light blue at the edge. The coat sleeves have a fancifully gathered cuff, surrounded by lace similar to that upon the overskirt, and ornamented in the centre with a bow of ribbon. A bias fold of light blue edged with a slightly gathered ruffle of lace crosses the shoulders in the form of bretelles, and ends upon the bosom in a bow and ends. A small square collar, lined with light blue, finishes the neck.

Among the modes prevalent for little girls of from eight to twelve, we noticed one which was remarkably pretty. It was of lilac pongee, combined with white foulard. The single skirt was perfectly plain, in the back breadths, which were set on at the waist in double box plait. This skirt was trimmed in front first by a pleated flounce of the same four inches deep, and bound with a bias fold of the white foulard an inch deep. Above this is a pouff of the foulard, bound on each side with a bias of the lilac pongee. Then another narrow pleated flounce or frill of the pongee, headed by a puff of the foulard; these frills and puffs put on so as to describe a rounded apron upon the front and side widths. The waist was a sleeveless and low-necked basque, which fits very smoothly over the hips, and is buttoned up in front by delicately tinted pearl buttons. A bias fold of foulard edges the bottom and neck of it, and below this is a pleated frill of foulard edged with the bias pongee.

A pretty chemisette of puffed muslin, with strips of insertion between, is worn with this, and a sash of lilac ribbon, consisting of two long ends and three loops, is put on under the skirt of the basque at the back.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Japanese sleevebuttons of ivory, with curious figures and hieroglyphics upon them, are fashionably worn in the morning.

The newest style of wearing the hair, is to part it in front, wave or crepe it, take it loosely back from the face; arrange in a high, rolled knot at the back, from which fall two loosely twisted and thick curls.

Shell jewelry will be much worn this autumn and winter for the promenade and dinner toilette.

Veils of dark green or blue grenadine are preferred to lighter tints—they are not becoming at all to brunettes.

Embroidered sashes worn in hanging loops, and of tints to match costumes, will be much worn this winter.

Gloves will be worn longer in the wrist than ever—many persons having them made with ten and twelve buttons for evenings, etc.

The most stylish handkerchiefs have the monogram in the centre, instead of in one corner.

ANSWERS TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

MRS. K. L.—Braid your little daughter's luxuriant hair in one thick plait, and tie with a ribbon.

MISS M. J.—Your brown cashmere will serve you in excellent stead for a traveling skirt to wear to the Catskill, White Mountains, etc. At present you can wear a linen overdress, but we would advise you to take a warm sacque in addition to the customary shawls and waterproofs. Sudden changes come on in the mountain regions, and the mornings and evenings, especially at this season, are sure to be chilly. We envy you the trip, as we are sure it will prove a delightful one. Have a brown English straw hat, of the new shape, high round crown, and drooping rim in front. Twine a scarf of brown or blue grenadine about the crown, hem the end, and wear it either loosely floating, or twined about the neck.

NINON.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

To detect sulphuric acid in vinegar, put in a little starch. Then add a minute portion of iodine. If sulphuric acid be present, the starch will not take a blue tint.

HOW DOES A SPIDER MAKE ITS WEB.—Here is a poser, which some of our readers, who have watched the habits of spiders, may be able to answer: How does a spider make its web, the lines of which, crossing at the centre, are carried, some of them, to the surrounding objects, while others are fastened to an outer circular line, made evidently before the other circular lines of the woof are formed? Where does the spider place itself when it ejects the lines which form the spokes of the wheel?

THE COST OF MODERN GUNS AND ARMOR.—*The Engineer* places the cost of a vessel, protected by the latest modern armor and armed with an eighty-one ton gun, at $1,500,000. Ships carrying this tremendous weapon have yet to come in conflict; but when such combat does occur, it will probably be the question of but one well aimed shot to send either antagonist to the bottom. The same end may be more easily and certainly accomplished by a properly managed torpedo. The war of the future, on the water at least, bids fair to prove expensive to the losing side.

TO CLOSE cracks in cast-iron stoves good wood ashes should be sifted through a fine sieve, to which is added the same quantity of clay finely pulverised, together with a little salt. The mixture should then be moistened with water enough to make a paste, and the crack in the stove filled with it. The cement does not peal off or break away, and assumes an extreme degree of hardness after being heated. The stove must be cool when the application is made. The same substance may be used in setting the plates of a stove, or in fitting stove-pipes, serving to render all the joints perfectly tight.

THE climate of the lower Yenisei Valley, near the north of the Arctic circle, in Siberia, is described in a recent number of the Austrian Journal of Meteorology. Its most noteworthy characteristic is a sort of snow storm, known as the purga, in which hard snow-dust is driven along with overwhelming force by the wind, against which progress becomes impossible during its continuance. The duration of the purga is seldom less than one day, and is sometimes six days, or even twelve. It occurs, not in the winter, which is a calm season throughout much of Siberia, but in spring and autumn. In latitude 66 degrees north, where the winter lasts eight months, the heat in July is intensely oppressive, and gnats are very troublesome.

OUR CENTENNIAL.

A visit paid to the West Park this week gave conclusive evidence that the Centennial works are being pushed through with the utmost energy. An army of laborers and carters were at work on Elm avenue, which will be the main approach, outside of the lines of the Park, to the Exhibition Grounds. The large wooden hotel, which is to accommodate from 3,000 to 4,000 people, and which stands on Belmont avenue just south of Elm avenue, had its framework up to the second story, and was being rapidly pushed to completion. Mr. Quigley's force of carpenters, glaziers and painters were finishing the eastern front of Machinery Hall, and Mr. Dobbins was engaged in rearing the ornamental square towers at the western end of the Exhibition Palace. A large force were grading and laying the foundation for the Government building and Agricultural Hall, and in getting out the woodwork for these buildings. A very considerable portion of the iron truss work of Horticultural Hall is up, and Mr. Itice is carrying out this portion of the grand enterprise with the utmost rapidity. The pleasant weather induced thousands of people, on foot and in vehicles of all descriptions, to visit this scene of activity, a sight of which must convince the most skeptical that the outlook of the Exhibition of 1876 is one of great promise.

As perhaps few of our readers have a very definite idea of the immense size of the buildings, we will give a brief description of the principal ones, although there will be hundreds of small buildings erected by private parties and other nations, that we cannot mention now. First of all comes the

MAIN EXHIBITION BUILDING.

This building is in the form of a parallelogram, extending east and west 1,880 feet in length, and north and south 464 feet in width.

The larger portion of the structure is one story in height, and shows the main cornice upon the outside at 45 feet above the ground, the interior height being 70 feet. At the centre of the longer sides are projections 416 feet in length, and in the centre of the shorter sides or ends of the building are projections 216 feet in length. In these projections, in the centre of the four sides, are located the main entrances, which are provided with arcades upon the ground floor, and central facades extending to the height of 90 feet. The East Entrance will form the principal approach from carriages, visitors being allowed to alight at the doors of the building under cover of the arcade. The South Entrance will be the principal approach for street cars, the ticket offices being located upon the line of Elm avenue, with covered ways provided for entrance into the building itself. The Main Portal on the north side communicates directly with the Art Gallery, and the Main Portal on the west side gives the main passage way to the Machinery and Agricultural Halls.

Upon the corners of the building there are four towers 75 feet in height, and between the towers and the central projections or entrances there is a lower roof introduced, showing a cornice at 34 feet above the ground.

In order to obtain a central feature for the building as a whole, the roof over the central part, for 184 feet square, has been raised above the surrounding portion, and four towers, 48 feet square, rising to 120 feet in height, have been introduced at the corners of the elevated roof.

The areas covered are as follows: Ground floor, 872,320 square feet, 20.02 acres; Upper floors in projections, 37,344 square feet, .85 acres; Upper floors in towers, 26,344, .60 acres; total, 936,008 square feet, 21.47 acres.

AGRICULTURAL BUILDING.

This structure will stand north of the Horticultural Building, and on the eastern side of Belmont avenue. It will illustrate a novel combination of materials, and is capable of erection in a few months. Its materials are wood and glass. It consists of a long nave crossed by three transepts, both nave and transept being composed of Howe truss arches of a Gothic form. The nave is 826 feet in length by 100 feet in width, each end projecting 100 feet beyond the square of the building, with a height of 75 feet from the floor to the point of the arch. The central transept is of the same height, and a breadth of 100 feet; the two end transepts 70 feet high and 80 feet wide.

The four courts enclosed between the nave and transepts, and also the four spaces at the corners of the building, having the nave and end transepts for two of their sides, will be roofed and form valuable spaces for exhibits. Thus the ground plan of the building will be a parallelogram of 465 by 630 feet, covering a space of seven and one-quarter acres. In its immediate vicinity will be the stock yards of the exhibition of horses, cattle, sheep, swine, poultry, etc.

Next week we will have a description and illustrations of Memorial or Art Gallery and Machinery Hall.

WHAT UPSET MRS. TITMOUSE.

There was a dreadful upset the other Sunday morning at Titmouse's.

By the way, though, it is likely enough that you have never heard of the Titmouses before. "The world knows nothing of its greatest men," somebody says. Although Mr. Titmouse was not, in the sense of stature, absolutely gigantic, still in his own locality he was by no means insignificant. In his own line, Mr. Titmouse was not be despised. His line was stationery; he kept a store, or rather Mrs. Titmouse kept it for him. Domestic affairs and business affairs form a troublesome combination, and frequently this combination upset Mrs. Titmouse.

Now, the Titmouse family, which comprised Mrs. T. (*place aux dames*), Mr. T. and Master T., aged three and a-quarter, were what is called "good living people." They never paid their rent in advance, nor charged more for their goods than they could get, and always went to church on Sunday morning.

They were in rather a struggling way just now, for it is astonishing what a lot of pens, ink and paper people expect for their money in these days. The Titmouse stock hung on hand a good deal, which was probably why it was called stationery. They kept no servant, and a vast amount of generalship was required to make the Sunday morning arrangements of the Titmouses. And this, too, often upset Mrs. Titmouse.

As Master Tommy must necessarily be got ready to go out first, Mrs. Titmouse was nearly always a little behind; and it was so on this particular occasion. There was a good deal of fluster about, one way and another, after breakfast; and at last that lady said to her husband, "Now, Mr. T., you take Tommy and start off to church first, and I'll come on presently. You take the key, and I will bang the door behind me. I shall very likely catch you before you get there. I don't like to be late at church." To tell the truth, dressing to go out almost always upset Mrs. Titmouse.

Mr. Titmouse obeyed. He put the key in his pocket, took Master Titmouse by the hand, and reached the church, without being overtaken by his wife. Nor did she appear during the service; and Mr. Titmouse began to be very uneasy in his mind as to what could be the matter.

The fact was that Mrs. Titmouse had never left her own door. She finished her toilette in a hurry, came down stairs with a rush, her dress flying out behind her, and, in accordance with her programme, she shut the door with a bang. Unhappily she also shut in between the door and the door-post about three-quarters of a yard of her wedding silk.

Here was a nice situation for an impetuous female in a hurry to get to church! More than anything which had been mentioned hitherto did this seem to upset Mrs. Titmouse.

What was to be done?

First, she pushed at the door. Perhaps it was not shut? It was as firm as a rock. Then she tugged at the dress. Perhaps it would bear being pulled out. Not it; the silk might have been grown there for aught it would move.

Mrs. Titmouse had two alternatives remaining. She could leave her skirt behind in the door, and go to church without it, or she could stay where she was till her husband came home, taking her chance meantime of what the passers-by might say.

The very thought of these two alternatives again upset Mrs. Titmouse.

She concluded, however, to adopt the latter. It was then 10.50 A. M. For two mortal hours from that time a matronly female in a lavender silk might have been observed lounging in an apparently careless attitude against her own door, endeavoring to appear as though she were quite accustomed to spend her Sunday morning in that manner, and rather preferred it than otherwise.

But when at last Mr. Titmouse arrived, in a great state of alarm, and asked hastily what was the matter, he hardly got a satisfactory answer, at any rate outside.

What happened to the little man when he fished up the key from his pocket and had fairly unlocked the fatal door, and it was again closed behind the Titmouse family, is one of those mysteries which will never be revealed. Whenever you ask Titmouse about it, he only shudders, and says in an imploring tone, "Hush!"

FOLLOWED THROUGH THE WOODS BY A COUGAR.

As a test of nerve, the recent experience of a wayfarer, traveling a wood road near Olympia, Washington Territory, was as remarkable as any on record. The man was a speculator, looking out wild land, and he trudged through the forest, following the almost unused path formed by an old road made by pioneers in the wilderness. His mind was devoted to one subject—the critical examination of the trees upon the land about him, and of the character of the soil, and he failed to notice for some time a "pit-a-pat" upon the dead leaves near him. He at first scarcely looked down, when he felt something rubbing against his legs and heard a light purring sound, but when he did look his heart came up in his mouth and a cold sweat started as suddenly as though he were suspended by a weak rope over Niagara. Pressing itself softly against his legs, twining about him as he walked, moving its flexile body swiftly, but with never a sound, turning up fierce eyes with something almost like a terrible laugh in them, was a huge cougar.

No chicken was this man in the woods, but his account of the manner in which his hat was raised by his hair is not to be considered as apocryphal at all. Sleek and supple and muscular the beast glided about, and at intervals it would come closer again, and press its body against the legs of the man, the light touch making goose-flesh of every inch in his form. It was a terrible experience, that interview with that cougar in the forest primeval, and it was well for the man that his nerves were of the kind to do honor to a frontier adventurer. Steadily pursuing his course with steps that would falter a little occasionally, he kept on, and with him the beast continued his treacherous gambols. At times it would glide a few paces to the front, and roll over and over in the road, and wait for the man to come, and then it would circle round him again until the impulse almost too strong to be resisted, would come upon him to spring upon the brute, opposing fists to fangs, and ending the intolerable suspense at any risk. The movements of the terrible animal were but as the playing of a cat with a mouse, and the man knew it.

The moment came at length when the strain could be borne no longer, and the man kicked desperately at the beast as it passed by him. In an instant it bounded in front and crouched for a spring, growling hoarsely and showing its teeth. The man stopped and shouted for hopeless aid, while the cougar did not spring at once, but appeared waiting to gratify its humor a little longer! The shout, fortunately, was not in vain.

There were hunters and dogs in the immediate vicinity, as rare fortune would have it, and the hounds dashed suddenly from the covert as the cougar, seeing them, leaped for a tree. A few moments later the beast fell a victim to bullets, and the man with whom it had taken a stroll was telling his story and trying to restore the normal condition of his nerves by internal applications from a small flask. It was one of the episodes which turn men's hair gray—one which would, doubtless, have brought death to a man with less nerve than the hero of the affair.

THE union of Europe and Africa by means of a tunnel under the Straits of Gibraltar, is another of the great engineering schemes that is now being talked about. The tunnel is to be a right line, extending from Tarifa and Algesiras on the Spanish coast to Centa and Tangier on the Morocco shore, the submarine portion to be 44,100 feet in length, or nearly nine miles. This is not half the length of the proposed tunnel under the English Channel, but the enterprise is a much more difficult one, as the maximum depth of the channel at the point to be traversed is only about 168 feet, while that of the Straits is 2261 feet. Supposing the tunnel under Gibraltar to be bored at a distance of 1000 feet under the bed, its total depth under the sea level would be over 3600 feet, while the entry and exit galleries would each be three miles in length.

ORNAMENTAL FEATHERS.

An interesting account of the manufacture of ornamental feathers, an industry which employs about 240 workingwomen and apprentices in Vienna, is given, in the "Translations of Official Austrian Reports on the Universal Exhibition" in that city in 1873. The coloring is done by men, the other processes mostly by women. African ostrich feathers are most usually manufactured. These are white, black, gray and dappled, and classified according to quality, as "prima," "seconda," etc. Other feathers frequently worked are those of the white heron, bird-of-Paradise, and marabou (there are genuine marabou feathers and false.) The white prima ostrich feather is the finest of all. The feather is cleaned first by a cold soap-bath, well washed twice or thrice, and then put into warm soap-baths, afterwards well washed in cold water, then blued a little, pressed and swung to and fro in the air until the hairs have spread and the feather is quite dry. Next, with a small, sharp knife the strong rib at the back is cut away; the feather loses its stiffness and acquires pliability. With small feathers this is obtained by scraping the rib with glass. Then the hairs on each side of the rib are made to curl in, with a blunt knife, and the requisite uniformity of shape is given them by combing them over a slightly warmed iron. Next, in order to hide the rib, the worker with a blunt knife twists here and there some hairs of the feather spirally over the rib until it is completely concealed by them. The feather is then threaded with a wire, folded in paper and so completed. The same process is followed with gray and black ostrich feathers, except that the gray are generally, and the black always, colored. White feathers are only colored for some particular fashion of color, as blue, rose, violet, etc. If the hair on a feather is not dense enough, or the feather is defective, then two or three feathers are sewed together and curled. This is done with both short and long feathers. Long feathers are called "leaf feathers," "Amazons;" short feathers, generally three of a bundle, are called "panache." Single and sewn feathers are distinguished in both. The hair of the ostrich feather is also much used for the manufacture of fancy feathers—cockades, fringes, etc., are made of these. The feathers are twined by a machine, and then joined to the hairs of other feathers. These combinations are called "pleureuses," and pieces of ostrich feather are sewn together to a length of some ells, and called "bordures," and are used to decorate dresses. There is an American ostrich feather called "vulture," which is worked like the African, but is inferior to it in quality. Tempting white feathers called marabou are much worked. They are used for fancy feathers, the points of small white or colored pigeon feathers, and very small fragments of silk and the like are joined on to them. "Bordures" for ball-dresses are made of them. It is evident from this account that "to show the white feather" is a process which entails some trouble and expense.

PORTER-HOUSE STEAKS.—This term has an American origin. In 1814 a hungry pilot entered a New York porter house on Pearl street, where lunch as well as drink could be obtained. Morrison, the keeper, had nothing but the beef ordered for the next day's family dinner, in the shape of a sirloin roasting piece, and from this he offered the pilot a cut, which he accepted. After ravenously devouring it he turned to his host, who was expecting dissatisfaction with the order: "Messmate, another steak just like that." After having finished his steaks and porter the old pilot ordered his steaks to be "cut off the roasting piece for the future," and soon his companions learned the good that lies in the "small loin steak," and Morrison was obliged to instruct his butcher to cut his sirloin into steaks for his customers, and the butcher, ordering his subordinates and messengers, designated them as "porter-house steaks," and increasing custom and extending repute soon established the term now so common in all eating houses throughout our country.

THE world is governed by three things—wisdom, authority for rough people, and appearance for superficial people.

CORRESPONDENCE.

RESPECTFULLY DECLINED.—The Dying Friend.—A Farewell to my Friend. The End is Nigh at Hand. Frontier Life. A Day Dream. Vain Regrets. The Secret Marriage. Comanche Ned.

J. S. H. (Miller Station, Pa.)—The Chief of Police in Philadelphia is Kennard H. Jones. The power of appointing to the police force rests, we believe, with the Mayor.

C. N.—Literary men, who have made patient researches in the matter, are pretty well united in the opinion that the first book printed on the American continent was by Combeyer, in Mexico, in the year 1540.

H. A. B.—Sir John Hawkins and Sir Walter Raleigh are both credited with being the first to introduce tobacco and tobacco smoking into England; but the preponderance of testimony is in favor of the latter.

FATHER DEAFS.—"The Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb," is located at Broad and Pine streets, Philadelphia. You had better write to the President or Secretary, stating the circumstances of the case to which you refer.

ENGINEER.—A great engineer must have a constitution of iron, a naturally quick eye, an inventive mind, a profound knowledge of mathematics, and several years of good practice in the field. You totally mistake the nature and requirements of that vocation.

OLD SUBSCRIBERS OF *Peoples Monthly*.—We want copies of the following back numbers, and will give twenty five cents for each of the numbers sent in to us: Volume 1, number 1, 3 and 8; volume 2, number 9 and 12; volume 3, number 8, 9, 10, 11 and 12; volume 4, number 1, 2.

G. F. H.—The redness of the nose from which you suffer, and which causes you so much anguish of mind, arises either from indigestion or scorbutic affection. We should advise you to consult some medical man, who will be able to ascertain the cause, and prescribe some remedy.

R. G. L.—If you were attentive and constant readers of the POST, you would have seen that we have over and over again declared that we will not insert matrimonial advertisements, such as you have sent us. No really respectable persons would ever become husbands or wives through such means.

NITA AND GEORGIE.—In the first place, about making the color of your hair lighter than it is naturally, we can tell you no method of effecting this without injury to the hair, and of course we must decline doing so. Why not be satisfied with it just as it is, without trying to improve (?) it. 2. Your literary friend had better send us seventy-five cents, and in return we will send her a "Guide to Authorship," which will give her every information and many valuable hints on literary work, and business connected therewith.

T. F. J.—We have made enquiries on the subject of pawnbrokers' charges on articles pledged, and find that as the law in this city at present stands, pawnbrokers can legally charge one-half of one per cent. a month for interest, and five per cent. a month for "storage and other expenses," making in all five and a half per cent. a month. They have no right to charge any more than this. Dry goods and clothing cannot be sold under four months, and all other articles are required to be kept eight months before they are sold.

MARY A. M.—In writing for the press it is immaterial on what size of paper you write, whether it be foolscap, demi, or note, but you should only write on one side of the sheet. The pages should be numbered, and that is all. 2. We shall be very glad, indeed, to look over anything you may forward to us for publication, and if partiality is permissible, it ought to be towards you, in return for the very pretty compliment you pay us, viz: "That for as long as I have been a reader of the POST, I think it has never been better than at the present time."

SALLIE F.—It would not be prudent for you to receive any other presents from the gentleman without receiving from him some explanation. No doubt he is much attached to you, but he evidently hesitates to declare himself. Your reputation, however, is your dearest property, and of course it is your duty to take care of it. How can you consistently be doing this when you are carrying on a clandestine correspondence with him both by personal interviews and letters, unknown to your parents. You should at once make a confidant of your mother, and trust to the future for a happy denouement.

R. M. T. (Philadelphia.)—There is a great deal of rubbish both said and written about the excessive cost of the royal family of England. The truth of the matter is that Queen Victoria, in her royal capacity, receives altogether from the public purse £385,000 ($1,925,000) a year, of which amount, however, she has only absolute control over £60,000 ($300,000) a year. On the other hand, the crown lands in possession of the government bring in about as much yearly as the Queen's *total* income, so that virtually Queen Victoria costs England nothing, for the crown lands are just as much the property of the crown as the estates of noblemen and others are private property.

OUT OF WORK.—We are constantly in receipt of letters like yours, from persons wanting to be told "how to "earn a living." In stating what you are willing to do to earn a living, you have omitted to state that you are willing to come right down to real hard work—that absolute drudgery without which nothing of any account was ever accomplished by anybody. Work must be done as work, and the worker must not be ashamed to have it understood that it is work, and that he is doing it because he has to do it in order to get a living. No one can earn an honest living under false pretenses. Unless your heart and mind are in your work, it will never be successfully done.

G. W. B. (Wilmington.)—Time on board ship is divided into watches, and reckoned by bells—hence, when a sailor wants to know the time, instead of saying, as we do, "What o'clock is it?" he asks, "How many bells is it?" The reckoning begins at noon or midnight, each watch being four hours in length, except between 4 and 8 P. M., when the time is divided into two short, or what are called "dog-watches," of two hours each. This is done in order to break the constant recurrence of the watches at the same hours. During each watch, at the end of the first half-hour, the bell is struck one; at the end of the second, two bells, and so on until the series reaches eight, when the next watch begins.

E. S. M.—"Do you believe in lucky and unlucky days for getting married on? I hear old people talking about them, and saying that all So-and-so's bad luck has come because she was married on such a day. Now I don't believe in it at all, but thought I would ask your opinion." No; we place no belief whatever in the old-times superstition about lucky and unlucky days, and seasons for marriage. It needs something more than the right day of the week, or the full moon, to insure happiness. The old superstitions on the subject were that May was a bad month, as it was supposed to be under the influence of the spirit of domestic discord. Midsummer, also, was unlucky, according to the old proverb "Who marries between the sickle and the scythe will never thrive." As for the days of the week:

"Monday for wealth,
Tuesday for health,
Wednesday the best day of all:
Thursday for crosses,
Friday for losses,
Saturday no luck at all."

MRS. S. A. P. (Pattillos Bluff, Texas)—It affords us much pleasure to publish the following letter from an old friend and subscriber: "My son is absent, and I had not noticed the date on the POST. I thank you for the notice, and hasten to renew subscription, not wishing to lose one number, as I think Mrs. Henry Wood's tales well worth the price of the paper. Aside from the valuable reading in your interesting paper, it is, and has ever been, dear to me from its tender associations with my girlhood's home. Since 1832 it has been a constant and most welcome visitor in my home. At the close of the war my son sent to renew it, and, although we take five newspapers, the "dear, old POST" belongs to the "old mother." I carefully file them, keeping them for my granddaughters. As long as I live I must have my old friend, (and I believe I shall insert a clause in my will to have it in the family as long as it may continue). My family all like it, and it is a very interesting, good paper. I trust you may be long spared to amuse and improve mankind through the columns of the SATURDAY EVENING POST." We are very glad, indeed, to hear from so old a friend, and hope that she may long be spared to read the POST. On our part, we shall do all in our power to make it even more instructive and entertaining than it has ever before been.

MISCELLANEOUS.—WILLIE.—They say that a person who knows his deficiencies is a long way on the road to cure them. If so your case seems very hopeful. H. W. S.—Consult a physician. We cannot give you any advice on such a serious matter. A SUBSCRIBER (Holland.)—We know of no such magazine published. M. S. MURAT.—We are sorry we cannot tell you where the "Wood Powder" referred to can be procured. W. S. M.—We can send you a book—"The Banjo, and How to Play It"—for 75 cents. S. V. E.—Yes, there is such a book published. WILLIAM S.—Drinking vinegar immoderately is most injurious to the health. VIOLET.—A woman's instinct can almost always tell her whether her hand is being sought in marriage for her fortune or personal charms. V. E. M.—Very likely your letter failed to reach its destination. Write again and you may receive an answer. H. A. S.—Under some circumstances it would not be improper to request an escort of a cousin or very intimate friend, yet it is better in all cases to let the gentleman proffer his services.

☞ *A number of communications have been received, which will be answered next week.*